

THE BATTLEFIELD

1916

1916





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THE BATTLEFIELD

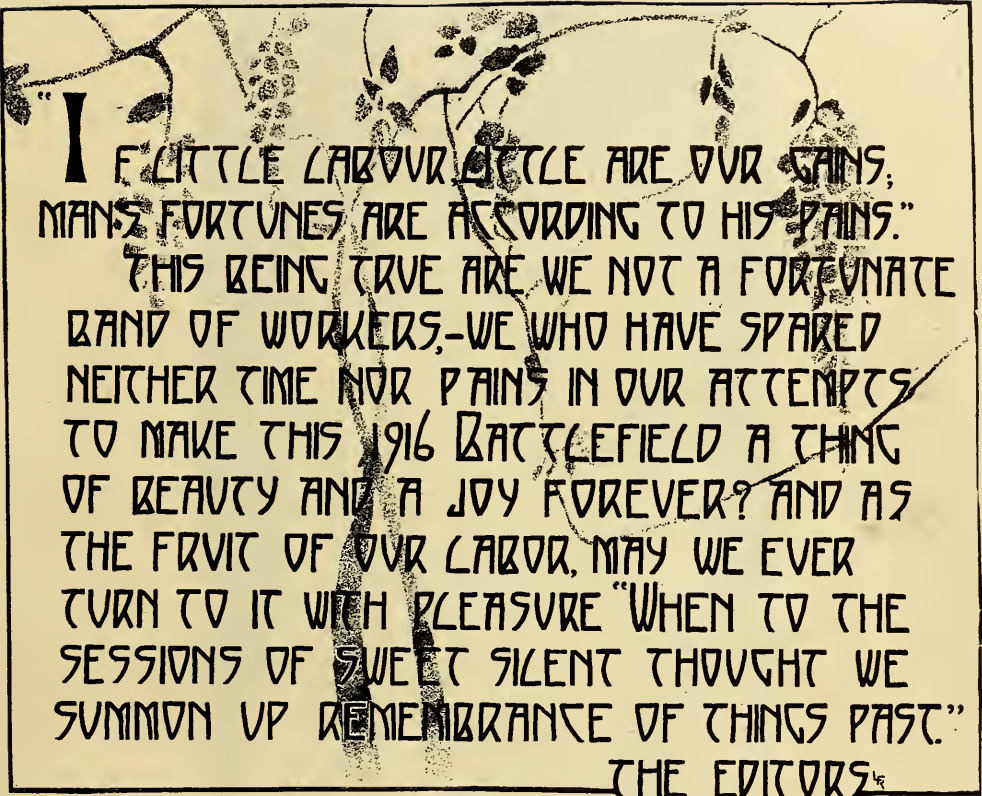
"OH! FRIENDS REGRETTED, SCENES FOREVER DEAR,
REMEMBRANCE HAILS YOU WITH HER WARMEST TEAR!
DROOPING SHE BENDS O'ER PENSIVE FANCY'S URN,
TO TRACE THE HOURS WHICH NEVER CAN RETURN."

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
FREDERICKSBURG VIRGINIA
1915 — 1916

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



The Grove

A decorative border featuring stylized floral and leaf motifs, possibly holly or similar winter plants, framing the text on the left and top sides.

IF LITTLE LABOUR LITTLE ARE OUR GAINS;
MAN'S FORTUNES ARE ACCORDING TO HIS PAINS."

THIS BEING TRUE ARE WE NOT A FORTUNATE
BAND OF WORKERS,-WE WHO HAVE SPARED
NEITHER TIME NOR PAINS IN OUR ATTEMPTS
TO MAKE THIS 1916 BATTLEFIELD A THING
OF BEAUTY AND A JOY FOREVER? AND AS
THE FRUIT OF OUR LABOR, MAY WE EVER
TURN TO IT WITH PLEASURE "WHEN TO THE
SESSIONS OF SWEET SILENT THOUGHT WE
SUMMON UP REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST."

THE EDITORS





Our First Faculty Baby
JAQUELIN RANDOLPH SMITH





TO ALGERNON BERTRAND CHANDLER JR.

WHOSE WISE INSTRUCTION
CHEERFUL ASSISTANCE
AND SOUND LEADERSHIP IT HAS BEEN
OUR GOOD FORTUNE TO ENJOY
THIS VOLUME OF THE
BATTLEFIELD

IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE

SENIOR CLASS

OF
1916

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



THE BATTLEFIELD

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THE BATTLEFIELD

The Grove

Here, on this spot so historic, this spot ever loved and remembered,
Famed, in the days that are gone, for deeds, both of strength and of valor,
Stands, like sentinel bold, our forest, silent and mighty.
Deep amid the rocks its roots are firmly implanted,
Upward its branches reared, like the hands of suppliants, pleading,
Daily beseeching our Father to keep us from harm and from danger.

When in its fullness of beauty, the glorious spring bursts upon us,
Changed is the grove from its deadness, changed from its leafless condition
Into a bower of green, the dwelling-place of the living.
Here the birds are free to fly about in the branches,
Filling the air with song, and the creeping things of the forest
Peep from their places of hiding, and bask in the warmth of the sunshine.

Then, as the days swiftly pass, and the summer is once more upon us,
Gladly we enter the grove and rest in the shade of its branches,
Far from the noise of the world, shut in with God and with Nature.
Peaceful, silent, still, a hush of awe and of reverence
Seems to pervade the air, and the drowsy hum of the insects
Sounds like a far-away noise, like the noise of a far-away city.

Soon it is autumn again and the grove is ablaze with bright colors,
For, with an artist's hand, the Master Artist has painted
Reds, and yellows, and browns, a perfect riot of color.
Frost is in the air; the little brown chipmunks scamper,
Gathering hickory-nuts to store away for the winter.
Gone are the birds farther southward, for shelter from storm and from tempest.

Winter has come in the grove, and the leaves from the branches have fallen,
Leaving them barren and bleak, as wildly they toss in the wind storm.
Then the snow, falling gently, covers the earth like a blanket,
Changing trees and bushes into forms most fantastic.
Stiffly the ice-laden twigs rattle like skeleton fingers,
And, when the sun shines upon them sparkle like myriads of diamonds.

Thus stands the grove through the seasons, the pride and the joy of the hillside,
Weathering every storm as bravely and true as the soldier
Who, in days that are gone, weathered the storm of the battle.
Growing year by year stronger, greater, and nobler,
Ever a place of rest, where our spirits seek inspiration
And, in the quiet of the forest, a closer communion with Nature.

MARGARET IRVINE WHITE.

IN LOVING MEMORY
OF

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD RUSSELL

who
LIVED
1873-1915

AS ONE LAMP LIGHTS ANOTHER
NOR GROWS LESS SO NOBLE-
NESS ENKINDLETH NOBLENES

CLASS 1916

Motto: En avant

COLORS

AMERICAN BEAUTY AND GREEN

FLOWER

AMERICAN BEAUTY

THELMA TURNER
ELIZABETH SMITH
CAROLINE HESS
BETCE BENFBO
GENEVIEVE JENKINS
MAE HUNDLEY
GRACE BEAZLEY
MARY SPENCER LEITCH
MABIE WARD
NANCY CARB HARRISON

PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
SECRETARY
TREASURER
CLASS HISTORIAN
CLASS PROPHET
CLASS POET
CLASS SONG
CLASS ATTORNEY
ATHLETIC REPRESENTATIVE

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****

En Avant!



Push forward! This challenge now rings in our ears
As we look out before us with high hopes and fears;
When we wake with the dawn of a day that is new,
And view with clear vision the work we must do.

Push forward! the words are our glad battle-cry
In the war that our forces must wage by and by.
On wrong and ignorance throughout the land,
Those enemies old which have kept a firm stand.

Push forward! the field of the world to explore,
Nor think that your life work is found at your door.
There are doors to be opened, awaiting our hands,
And stores of new knowledge for our demands.

Push forward! but let not our work count for naught
By forgetting those ideals which long we have sought
Of purity, honor, and dignity fine—
Those womanly virtues which brilliantly shine.

Push forward! but let use not slight, on our way,
Our sisters less strong, and with hearts not so gay.
Let us give them a part of our fortune so rare
And lighten a little their burdens of care.

Push forward! may this be our motto alway.
At the close of Life's school, may each one gladly say:
"Not in vain have I labored, nor toiled alone:
May rich harvest be reaped from the good I have sown."

GRACE FRANKLIN BEAZLEY, Class Poet.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****

Song of '16



Tune: In the Gloaming.

'Tis the day when retrospection
Turns our gaze o'er what is past,
And our hearts are filled with gladness,
For we've reached the goal at last.
Reached the goal through many a struggle,
Many an act of mischief done,
Many hopes, and aims, and lessons,
And we've had, withal, much fun.

One last time we stand together
And whate'er may come between
When our paths so soon are parted
We will ever love 'Sixteen;
Ever love our Alma Mater
For the blessing she has giv'n;
Ever truly strive to serve her
As far from her gates we've driv'n.

Ah! the future seems to beckon,
Calling us to paths untried,
And we hasten now to follow
With brave hearts, whate'er betide.
You, we ask to bid us godspeed;
One last time our love we tell;
And, with hope to steer us onward,
Lingering, we say farewell!

Mary Spencer Leitch.



VIRGINIA MAY COOLIDGE
Our Advisory Member

THE BATTLEFIELD



MATTIE MAE ATKINSON,
Montgomery, Alabama.

MATTIE MAE came to us from Alabama, bringing with her much of the sunshine of the far South. Though she is very studious, she is never too busy to stop and tell you all about the wonders and charms of her beloved Montgomery. She has a good voice of which she is quite proud, and we feel sure that with such talent her school will not lack the musical tone. This in addition to her sunny disposition will make one more ideal school in the already perfect school system in Montgomery. She takes with her our many good wishes. Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Senior Basket Ball Sub; Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

MURIEL DOROTHEA BARBER,
Fredericksburg, Virginia.

"A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

WHEN Muriel bore away a Manual Arts Diploma last year, we did not think that we would be fortunate enough to have her with us again. But she came back, much to the delight of us all, and joined our Senior roll. To know her only slightly, one would scarcely appreciate the fact that she is one of the merriest of our number as well as the most dignified. Her enthusiastic work in the Training School foretells her future success. Handicrafters; The Hikers.

THE BATTLEFIELD



GRACE FRANKLIN BEAZLEY,

Beaver Dam, Virginia.

“HOSE about her from her shall learn the perfect ways of honor.” Grace is one of our number, who entered the class in its infancy. She has been with us four years, and in sunshine or shadow, she has stood firm by our side, cheering us on our way. She is a splendid worker, a loyal friend, and one who possesses a genial disposition, that is sure to please all who know her. As such she has won a host of admiring friends, and will leave a brilliant record of her four years of fruitful labor at the State Normal School. May her future reflect the brightness of her past. Alumnae Editor of THE BATTLEFIELD; First Vice-President Student Government Association; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Secretary Y. W. C. A.; Senior Basket Ball Sub; Hand-over Club; Class Poet.

SARA ELIZABETH BRUCE,

Danville, Virginia.

“SARA is a girl good enough for any graduation class and, though she has not proven this yet, we are still optimistic in hoping she will. We note especially that she is dramatically inclined, and is quite a movie fan, being found most any time devouring the contents of the motion picture magazines. Some have said that “Bruce” will some day rival Mary Pickford whom she greatly admires and resembles (?) It may well be said of her, “Grace is in her step, in every gesture unconscious dignity.” She leaves us with our best wishes for her success in all of her undertakings. Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Executive Committee Student Government Association; Dramatic Club; Night-ingales; Senior Basket Ball Sub; Y. W. C. A.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



ULA HURST CLUVERIUS,
Little Plymouth, Virginia.

THE September breezes of 1912 waited Ula within our portals, and truly, breezes never bore a more incomprehensible mixture of gravity and mirth. She has won her way to the heart of the school by a cleverness unparalleled in every undertaking, but, strange to say of a "Normalite," she never took unto herself studying. To look at her one would hardly credit the statement that she has a decided inclination towards Biblical characters; but nevertheless it is true that reference to the names Daniel and Peter, never fails to awaken her animation. Nor are these all of her prominent characteristics, for beneath them lies a depth of love, which lies and lies (?) Russell Literary Society, Executive Committee, second term; Glee Club; Dramatic Club; Rifle Club; Tennis Club.

VIRGINIA DANTE DOWDY,
Cumberland, Virginia.

DANTE is one of the sturdiest of our number. All through her Junior year she manifested her steadfastness, but, during the Senior year, she has proven it. We think the name Dante has tended to evoke fame, for her thirst for success in the Training School did not go unrewarded. She does not often have much to say, yet at times she insists upon having her say, and always her say is symbolic of her character—steadfast, good-natured, sincere. We wish her great success as a teacher, this being the height of her ambition; may she attain the desired fame.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



LUCY LIPSCOMB DUVAL,
Rhoadesville, Virginia.

WHO would ever suspect that this benevolent looking individual has in her make up that quality enabling her to strike terror to the hearts of those culprits, who are ushered into her presence to receive punishment for their wrong doing? Her musical talent has been so highly developed that she has become Director of the Nightingales. Nor is this her only accomplishment, for she has the power to bring the whole student body to the Auditorium immediately after supper, whenever a "new rule" is to be made. "To err is human," in most cases, but an act of indiscretion on her part is unknown, for she is possessed of many excellent qualities. President of Student Government Association; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Assistant Editor "The Tattler"; Director Nightingales; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Tennis Club.

RUTH IVANHOE FORD,
Newport News, Virginia.

ALTHOUGH Ruth did not join us until her Senior year, she has followed the path of a most successful career and has established herself as firmly in our admiration and love by her intellect, good nature and personality as if her years with us had been many. She is on the whole rather a quiet person, but at times has been known to manifest sparks of mischief which refuse to be subdued until they have burst into flame. We feel fully assured of her future success. Vice-President Russell Literary Society; The Sphinx; Track Team of Senior Class; Glee Club; Nameless Nymphs; Y. W. C. A.

THE BATTLEFIELD



JESSE MURRAY HAMMERLEY,
Leesburg, Virginia.

NANCY CARR HARRISON,
La Cross, Virginia.

WITH modesty and persistence she pushes on to the goal of her ambition," that of being a teacher of the young of our Commonwealth, and with such determination as Jesse possesses we feel sure that she will succeed. She is one of the most studious members of the Senior Class, and it is really shocking to hear her answer some of Mr. Tyner's broad questions in Philosophy. We think it is a pity that Jesse lives in Loudoun County, since she likes Caroline so well. President of Russell Literary Society, second term; Class Basket Ball Team; Senior Track Team; Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

BETTER be small and shine than great and cast a shadow." is very appropriate for this little auburn-haired maid. Nancy Carr is a genius, and some day the world will sit up and take notice of her "Posters." She has been ever faithful in her work, and we feel quite sure that she will succeed in all of her duties of life, whether they be great or small. Secretary Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, first term; Chairman Poster Committee; Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Representative of Senior Class; Senior Track Team.

THE BATTLEFIELD



VIRGINIA ELIZABETH HAYNIE.

Alfonso, Virginia.

AS Editor-in-Chief of THE BATTLEFIELD, Virginia has made a most wonderful record. No student has entered the halls of our institution with more intellectual ability. She is a diligent worker, a sound thinker, and a true friend to THE BATTLEFIELD, as well as to the school at large. The cares, troubles, and worries of life do not rest heavily upon her, for she has a way of looking through the darkest clouds and seeing the silver lining. To know her is to love her, for few have more friends than Virginia. We predict for her a great future. Editor-in-Chief of THE BATTLEFIELD; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Secretary Bible Study Class; President Lancaster Club; Tennis Club; Rifle Club; Y. W. C. A.

CAROLINE WILHELMINA HESS,

Richmond, Virginia.

"Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes.
Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies."

CAROLINE entered our class with the majority of us, as a Junior, and has distinguished herself in many ways. As one of our best athletes, never has she been excelled in a basket ball game. All of Caroline's talents were not revealed until she began her Practice Teaching at the Fredericksburg Training School, where she plainly showed that she would be successful in her vocation. Y. W. C. A.; Secretary Senior Class; Vice-President Athletic Association; Captain Class Basket Ball Team; Senior Track Team; School Basket Ball Team.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



MARJORIE LEIGH HOLLEMAN,
Suffolk, Virginia.

MAE MASON HUNDLEY,
Fredericksburg, Virginia.

WHO would believe that this "wee" girl would ever become a "Duchess"? Wonders never cease! "Wee," she certainly is, but her growth has been stunted by her luxuriant (?) suit of hair. Though small in stature, Marjorie is not small in any other way, certainly not in intellect. That she is musically inclined, there is not a shadow of a doubt, for she has quite a sweet alto voice, and, as an accompanist, she is excelled by no one. Music Editor of BATTLEFIELD; President Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, second term; Vice-President Tennis Club; Assistant Business Manager of "Tattler"; Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Nameless Nymphs; Chairman Music Committee; Y. W. C. A.

UCKE has said that "Beauty consists of a certain composition of color and figure causing delight in the beholder." We do not know any one in our class who furnishes a more fitting example of this than Mae Mason. Besides this she has made an enviable athletic and scholastic record since she came to us in our Junior year. She is a faithful friend, a companion who has an affable disposition, admired by all. In sunshine or shadow she is always the same, "Ever in smiles—never dreary. Always cheerful, never weary." May her future be as bright and as full of sunshine as her stay with us has been. Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Treasurer of Hikers; Dramatic Club; Senior Basket Ball Team; Senior Track Team; Class Prophet.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



EMILY MASON JAMES,
City Point, Virginia.

EMILY wears such a look of care upon her face that one would think she bore the worries of us all upon her shoulders. Through her unselfishness and big-heartedness, "Em" has won many friends. If you happen to meet her, she is sure to say, "I'm from City Point, not Hopewell!" She says she is fond of reading Social Phases, but those who know her are quite sure about the kind she reads on Sunday afternoons. "A modest little maid with a modest little way," is our "Em." Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Nightingale Club; Sphinx Club; Y. W. C. A.

GENEVIEVE JENKINS,
Nuttsville, Virginia.

OUR Genevieve, better known as "Jinks," was securely launched on the wings of the Freshman Class four years ago. Since then she has steadily, surely, and serenely floated towards the longed-for diploma. She is a good athlete, an excellent student, a loyal friend and a faithful worker, one whom we feel is sure to succeed. Besides this she has won a host of admiring friends, and will leave a brilliant record of her fruitful labor. It may well be said of her, she has "an ardent thirst of honor; a soul unsatisfied with all it has done and an unextinguished desire of doing more." Russell Literary Society; Lancaster Club; Tennis Club; Rifle Club; Senior Basket Ball Sub; Senior Track Team; Y. W. C. A.; Class Historian.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



CHARLOTTE ELEANOR LAWRENCE,
Hague, Virginia.

MARY SPENCER LEITCH,
Washington, D. C.

CHARLOTTE, hailing from the North, came to make her home with us, and her lovely character has served as a bond of union between the two sections in our school. She possesses an executive ability which has obtained for her a reputation for which others would have to serve a long apprenticeship. Her determination of purpose and lofty ambitions are sure to gain for Charlotte much success. Business Manager of BATTLEFIELD; President of Russell Literary Society, first term; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club.

ALTHOUGH only sixteen when she entered the Class, "Spence" has proven a boon in many ways, two of which make us deeply grateful to her—first, her ability to utilize any class hour by skillful questions and discussions, and second, her extreme generosity with her vast store of knowledge. Besides her clear, logical reasoning, she has a good voice and a great love for music. Her success in the Glee Club recitals could not well go without mention. But now prepare for the shock—"Spence" is expecting to become a foreign missionary. She has our best wishes in all of her undertakings. Art Editor of THE BATTLEFIELD; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Chairman Bible Study Committee; Y. W. C. A.; Class Song.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



LENORA LENA MATTHEWS,
Charlie Hope, Virginia.

WHEN this quiet little girl came into our midst no one dreamed that she would electrify the world with the great discovery in regard to the nervous system, this discovery being that the nerve fibers are for the purpose of joining the limbs to the body. Nora is ever thoughtful of others, and in her own quiet way has proven that she is a firm believer in "Honor lies in honest toil." Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

VIOLA VIRGINIA MATTHEWS,
Charlie Hope, Virginia.

WHOEVER said that "V. V." brings visions of Lavender and Old Lace" certainly spoke truly, for, in her quiet way, she impresses those she meets with a feeling of sympathy and deep understanding, which endears her to us all. We have great hopes for "V. V.'s" future, even if she does join the "Milliners" vocation, which seems to be her long suit at S. N. S. Censor Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, second term; Y. W. C. A.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



JULIA DOSWELL MILLS,
Ashland, Virginia.

THE most noticeable thing about Julia, better known as "Slickum," is that she is in love.

With whom, did you say? Well, she has transferred her affections from a certain trunk that stood in front of 225 last year to one that stands in front of 205 this year. Strange, what a fascination trunks have! She waits there at the bid and call of every one, for she has the reputation of being the most accommodating girl in her class. Nevertheless she is possessed of a great missionary spirit, for every Sunday, rain or shine, she walks two whole miles to impart some of her religious good-spirit to the younger generation. Russell Literary Society; Hanover Club; Rifle Club; Senior Track Team; Senior Basket Ball Team; Y. W. C. A.

MIRIAM HANSFORD PERRIN,
Ashland, Virginia.

MIRIAM always sees the big things of life. She possesses firmness and nobility of character to maintain what she considers right, and always has a kind word and a smile for everybody. These qualities, added to a genial, optimistic disposition have not only helped to make her one of the most efficient Y. W. C. A. Presidents the school has ever known, but have also won for her a host of admiring friends. "A perfect woman nobly planned to warn, to comfort, and command." President Y. W. C. A.; Secretary Glee Club; Secretary Hanover Club; Mother Goose Club; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



MARY EMARD QUINN,
Richmond, Virginia.

KATE MITCHELL RENFRO.
Albany, Texas.

EMARD received a Junior Diploma last year, and we had almost given up hope of having her in our class to graduate this Spring. But she has a desire that cannot be satisfied with anything less than a full Diploma from the State Normal School, though she often declared while in practice teaching that the goal seemed far distant, she has persevered to the end, and has reached it with honor. Though we have Seniors from almost every section of the United States, Emard is the only member of our class who is not from one of the States. She was born in Canada. Russell Literary Society; Rifle Club.

"FITTEN" hails to us from Texas, but with the love of Virginia and a Virginian (?) in her heart! She is truly our sunshine girl. Whether we have big or little sorrows, big or little joys, it is to our little "Westerner" we generally turn, because she has a keen sense of humor and a love of all things in her heart. President Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, first term; Treasurer of Senior Class; Mother Goose Club; Nightingale Club; The Tennis Club; Handicrafters' Club; Nameless Nymphs; Better-to-Sew-My-Dearest Club; Y. W. C. A.

THE BATTLEFIELD



MARY BEVERLY RICE,
Fredericksburg, Virginia.

MARY "BEV" is a town product, and one of whom our class may well be proud. Besides being blessed with a genial disposition, she has an undying desire for usefulness. This is evidenced by the fact that she is one of the three who carries off a Diploma in Household Arts this year. She was never known to show the least anxiety over her studies; not even History of Ed. tests produced any perceptible change. While other Seniors are busy exchanging note-books, ideas and fears of flunking Mary "Bev" comes into the class room with that usual unconcerned air, takes the test and passes with distinction. From this and other evidence we have been convinced that she is naturally intelligent. Her career with us foretells her future success. President of The Hikers; Handicrafters.

THELMA ESTELLE ROBERTSON,
Suffolk, Virginia.

THELMA is so small and quiet that one would hardly know she was present, except for an occasional cheery laugh and a spirit of contentment, which she always carries with her. On this account her friends are many, and she is especially fond of groups of three. The most remarkable change that has taken place in Thelma since she has been here is the sudden disappearance of her heelless shoes. She thought that French heels added dignity to her practice teaching. Although this little girl is one of our number who does not expect to teach, we feel sure that in all of her duties she will throw out a ray of sunshine and an abundance of happiness to all those around her. Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Mother Goose Club; Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT,
Amelia, Virginia.

"I'm going to get two Diplomas this year or bust!" and she has really done it, notwithstanding the fact that she often wore a long face. But we can't think she is really overworked, for she is known to visit her next door neighbor quite often. Some might say that these visits and those received from the same girl, were "Bert's" only recreation, but we know better. When all goes well with her we see a smile that seems to come from a heart full of mirth. President of Sphinx Club; Russell Literary Society; Dramatic Club; Mother Goose Club; Nameless Nymphs; Handicrafters; Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

JOSEPHINE CHRISTIE SHIELDS,
Roanoke, Virginia.

Of course, none of us dreamed when "Little Jo" entered school, February, 1914, that Dan Cupid would have her with us long enough to carry off two Diplomas. However, one is a Household Arts (?). From the top of "Jo's" curly head to her dainty little boots, she suggests love and beauty. Her ever ready good humor and attractiveness have won for her a host of friends. We all know "Little Jo" is very fickle, and has many dream ideals, but we believe she will finally settle down and let all of those "Impossibilities" of hers alone! Wit Editor of THE BATTLEFIELD; President of Nameless Nymphs; Vice-President Dramatic Club; Better-to-Sew-My-Deer Club; Handicrafters; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



ELIZABETH JEANETTE SMITH,
Summit, Virginia.

BEHOLD! a girl with keen common sense, one who has an opinion of her own and is not afraid to express it. Has not this been shown by the fact that she can even give satisfactory answers to "thought producing" questions? Elizabeth is something of an authority on "Rural School Problems" as well, but then experience is a wise teacher. Added to her practicalness, Elizabeth goes out with a desire to serve and a strong sense of initiative which cannot help but make her successful. Vice-President Senior Class; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Student Government Executive Committee; Y. W. C. A.

INA FRANCES TAYLOR,
Cape Charles, Virginia.

SINCE Ina came to us, two years ago, her whole being has radiated the word "hustle." Her energy and enthusiasm have never flagged for an instant, and her ability has been proven by the many offices she has filled. Ina had the honor of teaching music at the Training School, and in the wee small hours she was heard practicing those do, ti, la's. She even used to sing the hymns at church by syllables. We wish for Ina all of the good things of life and glorious success in her many undertakings. Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Student Government Executive Senior; Basket Ball Team; Senior Track Team; Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.; Cabinet.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



HELEN BOULDEN TOWLES,
Molusk, Virginia.

HELEN well deserves the title, "The most studious member of the Senior Class." When test time rolls around she is always seen going from room to room, from note-book to note-book, gathering Mr. Tyner's sociological, biological, philosophical, psychological facts into her one head where she keeps them securely, and, though she does not work for marks, of course, (none of us do!) we think it worthy of mention that Helen received the highest mark in class on our first Psychology test. Russell Literary Society; Lancaster Club; Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

MINNIE LUTTRELL TRAVIS,
Bristol, Virginia.

MINNIE is a rare compound of fun, nonsense and cheerfulness. She has just the biggest heart imaginable and lots of sense, though you would never know it from her actions! She is the best athlete, of whom the school can boast, and a girl with loads of "grit." When Minnie isn't at the Training School singing loo loo's to the First Graders, she may be found at any hour, day or night, in 307 Virginia Hall, faithfully submitting to the inevitable. Russell Literary Society; Secretary Rifle Club; Dramatic Club; Manager Senior Track Team; Glee Club; The Tennis Club; Senior Basket Ball Team; Y. W. C. A.

THE BATTLEFIELD



MARY THELMA TURNER,
Richmond, Virginia.

THELMA came to us three years ago, and during this time the friends she has made are numerous and lasting. Not only has her popularity and ability won for her the Presidency of the Senior Class and the Dramatic Club, but her renown as a basket ball player, especially in the Senior-Freshman game, has become world-wide! Although it has been said of Thelma that she was a "born teacher," for this pretty, unassuming lass we predict only a short period of teaching, for such charm cannot long go unappreciated. Assistant Editor-in-Chief of THE BATTLEFIELD; President Senior Class; President Dramatic Club; Leader Nameless Nymphs; Mother Goose Club; Nightingale Club; Substitute Senior Basket Ball Team; Y. W. C. A.

MARIE OLGA WARD,
Newport News, Virginia.

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."

BESIDES being our noted class beauty, "Ree" is also well known for her vocal talent. Besides a voice that charms and entrances she is endowed with a versatile nature. She has a sunny disposition, and a manner which is sure to please, being charming in love, in friendship and in social intercourse. She is quite popular, especially among the sterner sex, and as such we fear she will not remain long in her chosen profession. Vice-President of The Sphinx Club; Chairman Executive Committee; Russell Literary Society, first and second terms; Nameless Nymphs; Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Senior Track Team; Senior Basket Ball Sub; Y. W. C. A.; Class Attorney.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



LAURA MASON WRIGHT,
Richmond, Virginia.

WHO is this switching so gaily down the Gym. steps, with bloomers pressed, nails polished a new Hoffin middy, hair curled, and in latest style? Why, it is no one but Miss "Flossie" Wright, who has determined to win that cup for dancing. Well, she did, and not only did she get that, but she has attained the honor of being Assistant Art Editor of the 1916 BATTLEFIELD. May "Floss" be as successful all through life, as she has been in receiving and returning H. K. A. frat pins! Assistant Art Editor of THE BATTLEFIELD; Russell Literary Society; Nameless Nymphs; Tennis Club; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****

AND OUR
SILLY-
ETTS

A decorative illustration featuring a leafy branch on the left and a bunch of grapes hanging from a vine on the right, positioned behind the text.



"Pollyanna"



"Suz Smith"



"Slick"



"Emard"



"Grace"



"Flossie"



"Jess Hamley"



"Bruce"



"Dot"



"Dante"



"Helen"



"Duval"



"Betty"



"Turn"



"Lb."



"Em."



"Lita"



"Spence"



"Hayme"



"Ina"



"Travis"



"Mary Rice"



Miriam



"Rufus"



"Mae Mason"



"Rice"



"Hess"



"Luce"



Liny



Kate



Jacks



"Jo"



Nora



"Nancy Carr"



Muriel

THE BATTLEFIELD

"A Praise of Bygone Days"



JUST four years ago, we, the Senior Class of 1916, embarked upon a terrible voyage through an unknown sea, in a large ship—which we then called the Ship of Distress. Our crew was very large and we were called Freshmen. We did not know why the Captain and officers had given us such a name, but later we attributed it to our youth and inexperience.

How well do we remember those four blue-back histories that told us of the voyages of other great persons! We became so interested in them that we began to compare our own voyage with that of Columbus. How we longed to change the color of those histories! At last, a member of our crew came up to the History Officer with the bright blue changed to a fiery red. This deck hand was very brave, for no one else would have attempted such a thing, but when the stern voice of the officer pealed forth, all the bravery disappeared. No more courageous acts were performed, but afterwards another seat on the back row was occupied. Then the many notes we had to write! I don't think that Miss Bessie Chesley could have typewritten them in five years.

We had several explosions on the way, due to chemical reaction, but our steadfast friend and steersman, Officer Hamlet, each time removed the obstacle.

Miss Hinman, our fond friend, had inclinations to stay on deck and criticise our landscapes as we approached them.

Our first voyage was honored by the presence of Mrs. Parke D. Carter. Never did a breeze from over a foamy sea bring us a more valuable treasure. She came in the time of need, and all through our long voyage she kept us strong and healthy, by giving us good, wholesome food.

We became tired of the quiet life on board, and we wanted to bring all of our muscles into activity; therefore we went into the hold of our vessel and scampered around until we found that we had learned the game of basket ball. Here we made so much progress and became such good athletes that we decided to set apart a day known as Field Day, and to rest our seasick souls by harboring. We went out on the green and put into practice some of the "stunts" that we had learned in the hold of our ship, known as the gym. room. Here we competed with larger crews of neighboring ships, and at sunset of that day we counted our laurels and found that we ranked second. But this pleasure lasted only for a day: we were forced to continue our journey.

After a few more long months of being dashed by the winds and waves, we were tired. Few of us had forgotten the pleasant minutes of that Field Day, so we decided to land again. This time we stopped at the Isle of Uncertainty. This point was too much for us, so we decided to start again, but just before we pulled in our anchor ten new members joined us. Having left our four blue-back histories and chemical apparatus on shore, we rose one degree higher and were given the name of Sophomores. We were few in number, yet great in service.

This year we gained the acquaintance of Captain Moore, who taught us the economic conditions of the country.

Again we met our friend and counselor, Mr. Hamlet, who taught us Physics. Here we learned to use the "mariner's compass," which added so much to our store of knowledge that we felt we were nearly ready for the sea on which professional students could journey.

We soon grew weary of traveling, so we decided to stop and celebrate another Field Day. As our number was so small, we won few points; yet we did not give up.

THE BATTLEFIELD

"A Praise of Bygone Days"

We sailed on and on and soon we stopped at the Cape of Tempests. Something told us that if we steered as straight in the future as we had in the past, one-half of our journey had been completed. We did not think it safe to keep on our way with so small a crew, and at this Cape forty-four applied for admission. We were soon called Juniors, and I think we felt our importance. Nowhere has the spirit of good-fellowship and warm friendship revealed itself more clearly than in our class throughout that whole year.

First Officer Bunyan Yates Tyner showed us the importance of early habit-formation and special training for one's vocation, whether for a position as deckhand or as captain. He also taught us many things which would be of benefit to us, not only on this voyage, but on all the voyages of life. Through his daily counsel we sat at the feet of such men as Thorndyke, Hall, McMurry, Kirkpatrick, Strayer and others. Here we learned the Laws of Associated, Analogy, and Analysis—the great laws of life and intellect.

Miss Atkinson, our lover of nature, especially of birds, trained us in walking by taking the class on a number of short expeditions at first, and later on a trip around the whole world, stopping near the Toll Gate for refreshments and coming home by way of the Plank Road.

Miss Stone, our beloved teacher, helped us to put into practice some of the principles learned in Child Psychology and Primary Methods.

A crew on one of the neighboring ships seemed to be a little blue and tired of the burdens of life, so we lashed our ship to theirs and gave them a minstrel show. Ula Cluverius, Mattie May Atkinson and Julia Mills won such fame jiggling that on all public occasions they are called on to make a display of their wonderful talents. Mary Spencer Leitch was so applauded after the sermon she delivered that, ever since, her inclinations have been turned to the foreign field.

After this entertainment, we landed for the celebration of another Field Day. Having secured the services of Caroline Hess and Minnie Travis, we won more points than any other class on the field.

Mr. Chandler, our competent Dean and also our instructor of Rural School Problems and School Hygiene, spent many laborious hours in trying to teach us how to "hitch up education with life."

The next time we landed we thought we had reached the Cape of Good Hope, but it was still the Cape of Tempests. We felt our ship tossed about just here by the waves from the depths. We were facing the most dangerous point of our cruise. The question with which we were confronted was whether we should succeed in doubling this point without being shipwrecked in failure. That would certainly have been the most humiliating of all shipwrecks. Only thirty-two kept up the voyage, but later Bertha Scott and Thelma Turner, who had left us to try to reach the goal first, came back and considered themselves quite fortunate to reach the Cape of Good Hope with us.

Captain Gunion M. Harrison, captain of one of the greatest companies in the world, was so much in sympathy with President Wilson's policy of preparedness that he reorganized his Rifle Club and taught us to aim at other vessels.

Again the spirit of good-fellowship and warm friendship revealed itself, when Virginia Haynie, our intellectual guide, was elected Editor-in-Chief of the 1916 BATTLEFIELD.

We renewed our acquaintance with Mr. Tyner and learned the lives and theories of Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Herbert and Froebel.

We could not fail to mention the many days spent in companionship with Mr. Chubb, whose great principles our beloved English teacher, Miss Dadmun, and her successor, Professor Shewmake, so faithfully endeavored to instil in us. But we, even as Seniors, often failed to understand the author's meaning. Though we failed to comprehend Mr. Chubb, there is one acquaintance of our Senior year that we will never forget—our faithful friend and companion, "Lucy Gray."

Also, during the early months of the last stage of our voyage, Miss Marshall, who, from the time we lost Miss Graves, had directed the physical side of our life in a manner which needed no improve-

THE BATTLEFIELD

"A Praise of Bygone Days"

ment, took us more completely in charge, and three times a week explained our physical makeup until, if a wreck should have been our unfortunate lot, we could have swum out, prompted merely by instinct.

When all these our numerous captains, directors and directresses awoke to the realization of the fact that after four short months of careful piloting we should land at the Port of Destiny—either "Success" or "Failure," they decided that they had best not take leave of us until they had tested our ability to put into practice some of the many principles and methods with which they had imbued our minds. They knew that we should no more than safely get ashore and regain our equilibrium before we should start on separate voyages of greater importance to us as individuals, on the assumption that we could act as "steersman" alone and unaided, after our four years of training. They desired to make sure that we were entirely capable of paddling our own canoe, so they gratified their wish by directing us each day to the Lighthouse, which we came to know as the Training School. There we had practice in disciplining ourselves as well as the unfortunate individuals who had been stranded there for the time being. All phases of this work were of inestimable value to us, but the hardships of reaching the Lighthouse, regardless of the deluges and icebergs, combined with the difficulties of finding dry land, made us weary and seasick in heart, body, and mind, so that our sails often lowered of their own accord. But as we grew more accustomed to the life there, the barriers began to vanish and it became a vital part of our existence, making us more eager day by day to instruct others on an ideal vessel of our very own, which was foremost in our dreams. In our imagination all was to be harmony and bliss. We, then, personages of extreme importance, were to be the pilots of our dreams. How different all would be, and it was this hope that sustained us.

Finally we have been tided across the high-water mark. The waves no longer dash high against the sides of our beloved vessel. We have lowered our anchor, let down the gangplank, and almost completed all preparations for landing. But today the sea is misty; the salt spray blinds our eyes. We can see all the ports we have passed—Ambition, Uncertainty, Toil, Success, Temptation, Pleasure, and, at last, the Cape of Good Hope—the one at which we have stopped: sometimes we call it Happiness and Victory. We have many grave forebodings for the future, but we think we have fought a good fight, and today, as we come to the end, our great joy mingled with inexpressible sadness is almost more than we can bear.

GENEVIEVE JENKINS,
Class Historian.

Memories

One night as I sat by the fire,
Thinking of days that were past,
My thoughts went back to the Normal
And the girls as I saw them last.

Some of their faces were happy,
Others looked troubled and sad—
For as to the future they knew not
Whether 'twould be good or bad.

Some might return to the Normal,
Some might be far away,
But each had the wish in her heart
That again they would meet some day.

JANIE CATHERINE WRIGHT.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****

"I Told You So"



"All things come to those who wait."



HAT is if they wait long enough and truly my time of waiting had been meted out to me, and I had, after ten years of hard work and practical experience in the newspaper world, at last realized the height of my ambition. I was indeed and in truth the Editor of the Baltimore Sun.

A few months after my appointment as Editor I was sitting at my desk reading the latest telegrams when to my delight and astonishment I read the following:

"Washington is much elated over the appointment, Miss Lucy Lipscomb Duval to succeed the late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, White. This shows the great influence of the Nation-Wide Suffrage Movement, which has so soon become a factor in American political life. The appointment of Miss Duval is the highest honor yet bestowed upon an American woman, but her many friends feel sure that her executive and judicial ability has done much in helping to secure this office of high attainment."

Think! One of my State Normal School classmates, Justice of the Supreme Court!

It was while she was President of the Student Government that perhaps her first training in this line was received.

This set me to thinking and wondering what had really become of the rest of my classmates. I had not heard from them for many years, that is anything definite. I had often seen such announcements as, Miss Josephine Shields, candidate for Legislature, Miss Virginia Haynie's latest book, and the announcement of Miss Marie Ward's engagement, but of their specific tasks at this date, I knew nothing.

I did not have long to wait, or to wonder, for the very next day I saw in "The Lists of Books to be Published this Fall," Violet Love Lyrics—"This book was jointly written by Mr. and Mrs. (). Mrs. () will be better known to book lovers as Miss Virginia Haynie, who caused quite a furore in the literary world, when her famous book, "The Joy of Reconciliation," was published last Fall. Since then she has married a former acquaintance and noted lawyer. This book is written in the charming manner known only to Mrs. (), with the masterful touch characteristic of the sterner sex, added by her husband.

These bits of news brought to my mind such a multitude of memories of my schoolmates, and the long happy days, during which I mingled with them, that I decided that I could spend my leisure time in no way that would afford me as much pleasure and satisfaction as in starting an information bureau for my own enjoyment. The substance of which would be—Items regarding my own classmates of 1916.

Daily I scanned the columns of the leading newspapers and took notes from the telegrams that came to "The Sun," until I had at last formed a memory book with the following clippings and comments.

NEW YORK SPORTING NEWS

"Mr. and Mrs. Ty Cobb, the Second, are expecting to return next week to America, after spending their summer abroad. Mr. Cobb has been introducing that great National game of which Americans are so fond, "baseball," into the different countries of Europe. The world of sport will be interested to know, that it was while he was in Italy training the King's "nine," that he met his wife, formerly Miss Genevieve Jenkins, who has been assisting Miss Julia Mills, in her wonderful school of gymnastics, in Rome, for the last two years."

THE BATTLEFIELD

"I Told You So"

We might have expected this, for Genevieve of Normal days devoted most of her time to reading the "sport section" of the daily newspapers, and Julia—well—she spent most of her time in the Gym.

CHICAGO TIMES

"Miss Ula Cluverius, Traveling Secretary of the Woman's National Eugenics Federation, will arrive here next week, to make a series of addresses in the auditorium of Hull House. Her winning personality and forceful manner of address charm all, who hear her, and it goes without saying, that those who hear her will be greatly influenced to follow the train of converts. Dame Rumor has it that this is the last series of addresses, that will be made by Miss Cluverius since Cupid has at last managed to succeed in taking deadly aim."

NEW YORK TIMES

"Lord and Lady Vancell, of London, are in New York in the interest of "The School for Specialists," which Lady Vancell has been instrumental in making possible for the unfortunates of London and the surrounding neighborhoods. This school has an enrollment of ten thousand boys and girls between the ages of eight and eighteen. The school is equipped with a strong corps of teachers, some being from England, while a majority are from America, where Lady Vancell received her education. She will be better known to New Yorkers, as Miss Ruth Ford, of Virginia. In the latest appointment of teachers the following are Americans, Miss Bertha Scott, Principal; Miss Mary Beverly Rice, Teacher of Household Arts Department; Miss Emard Quinn, Director of Vocal Music; Miss Mattie Mae Atkinson, Teacher of Nature Study; Miss Dante Dowdy, Teacher of Mathematics; Miss Ina Taylor, Teacher of Aesthetic Dancing."

NEW YORK TIMES

"Miss Marie Olga Ward, the great soloist of international reputation, sings tonight at the Metropolitan Opera House. Tickets have all been sold. Seats from \$10 to \$50 each. This is Miss Ward's last appearance in New York Grand Opera, where she is always enthusiastically greeted. Cards are out announcing her engagement to Count Pierre De Coulevain. The wedding will take place early in the Fall, after which the Count and Countess will spend the winter months in traveling."

Well, we expected just such a future for our "Ree."

THE DENVER FREE LANCE

"The Y. W. C. A. of our city is making many preparations in anticipation of the approaching visit of Miss Miriam H. Perrin, formerly of Richmond, Virginia, who has recently been appointed President of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. It is said that Miss Perrin received her first experience along this line, while a student in a Virginia Normal School, and gradually her efficiency increased till she was unanimously elected to her present position. It is feared that our town hall has not capacity to hold the throng which will crowd to hear her address."

WASHINGTON POST

"Many are the preparations for the Reunion of Militant Suffragettes to take place here in the early part of next month. Miss Josephine Shields will lead the grand parade and since this will mark her first appearance, in our city, since her wonderful success as a militant in Omaha, her numerous friends are delighted at the prospect of renewing her acquaintance."

To think, that our "Little Jo," is a militant suffragette, is indeed more than my feeble mind can grasp, for she was always the "decorous" member of our class.

SAN FRANCISCO CALL

"The world's record was broken here today at the Willoughby Aviation Meet when Miss Helen B. Towles, the famous woman aviator, of world-wide renown, ascended to the height of two miles. Eager crowds await her appearance tomorrow."

Incredulous! it seemed to me. Helen an aviator! Well, wonders never cease.

THE BATTLEFIELD

"I Told You So"

WASHINGTON POST

"Miss Mary Spencer Leitch, the noted Methodist missionary and speaker, who is home on her furlough from China, where she has been engaged in missionary work for the past seven years, will speak on, "The Sociological Aspect of Missions" tonight, at eight-thirty at the First Methodist Church."

We always knew that "Spence" was "long-headed" and I was glad to learn that she had at least realized her greatest ambition.

FREDERICKSBURG STAR

"Moving picture fans will be delighted to know, that the manager of "The Blue Mouse" has succeeded in getting the much talked of picture, "In the Depths," in which Misses Thelma Turner and Sara Bruce, the new movie stars, over whom American movie fans are enthusiastic, will appear. Miss Bruce's striking resemblance to Mary Pickford has been remarked on often. This in itself insures her success, while Miss Turner is said to have acquired the actions and manner of the once beloved Lillian."

How funny! Thelma and Sara both in the Normal days had very often talked of the time when they would pay frequent visits to the movie studios.

ALBANY STAR

"All Albany is astir over the resignation of Miss Kate Mitchell Renfro of the Household Department of our High School, in which she has been teaching for several years. It is reported that she will make her future home on a farm near Ashland, where she will start a school for two in the domestic arts."

Truly, Kate will have a chance to put into practice some of her theories, learned in the Household Department in Normal days, if this be true.

RICHMOND VIRGINIA

"The new orphanage in the mountains of Southwest Virginia, opened Wednesday, with Miss Minnie Travis, as superintendent, and Miss Grace F. Beazley, as first assistant. We congratulate them on their splendid appointments, which are a result of years' work, and as an appreciation the Orphanage Board has decided upon the name, Travis-Beazley Orphanage."

Surely this is only an expansion of Minnie's great beginning of giving moral lectures, at the Training School, and as for Grace, no work is too big for her heart.

FREDERICKSBURG DAILY STAR

"The Normal School Board met last week to elect instructors to fill the places left vacant by the recent "Normal Teachers' Strike." Among the new heads of departments are the following: Miss Nancy Carr Harrison, Art Department; Miss Nora Matthews, Department of Education; Miss Elizabeth Smith, Training School Supervisor; Miss Viola Virginia Matthews, Teacher of Gymnastics and Aesthetic Dancing."

BALTIMORE SUN

"A brilliant reception was given last night in the banquet hall of Johns Hopkins Hospital, the occasion being a welcome tendered to the newly elected superintendent, Miss Caroline Hess, and her assistant, Miss Jesse Hammerly. The chief speaker of the evening was Miss Charlotte Lawrence, the noted traveler and lecturer."

NEW YORK HERALD

"New York is greatly excited over the recent appearance of Miss Laura M. Wright, of Richmond, Virginia, whose success as an interpreter of classic dances, has become renown. She is appearing each evening at "The Pavlowa Roof Garden." Last evening her interpretation of "The Sea Mist" was the best ever seen in New York.

"One of the largest affairs of New York Society was a reception given in honor of Miss Wright at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Van Buren, Mrs. Van Buren, the well known society leader of our city,

THE BATTLEFIELD

"I Told You So"

formerly Miss Emily James, of City Point, Virginia, is one of Miss Wright's most intimate friends, having been a classmate in Fredericksburg, Virginia, Normal School, where Miss Wright first became interested in classic dancing."

This completed the Senior Class roll with the exception of "The Twins," Marjorie and Thelma. I looked and looked for months, but could find no trace of them. This did not suit me at all, for I knew that these two industrious girls must be doing some great work, worthy of mention. At last I found the desired information, one day as I was looking over the list of "Newest Books in Educational Theory and Practice," in one of the Chicago papers. My eye fell on the following paragraph, which I soon had among my clippings:

"A revision of Chubb's "Teaching of English," by T. Robertson and M. Holleman, has just been published. It is one of the best editions in the series of educational books by the same authors. This book gives clear, definite statements of practical methods of the teaching of English from the first grades through the High School so as to obtain the best results. It is attractively written and may be readily understood by Normal School students."

If there had only been such an edition during our Junior and Senior years, at the Normal, how grateful we would have been; how many D's might have been at least C's; and how many nights spent on the halls would have been spent in sleep; and how many, many days of weeping, would have been days of joy. But I am at least glad to watch the progress of education, and to know that such an edition comes from among our number.

When this portion of my book was thus completed, I was indeed proud that my efforts had ended in such success, a record of every one of my classmates! I kept these clippings in a secluded spot, which I frequented, especially on rainy afternoons, and at such times as would afford opportunity for meditation on days long since numbered with the past. It was always with pride that I would turn to this portion of my memory book, the portion telling of the present record of my classmates, and I was once or twice guilty of showing (of course, with pride) these clippings to a number of my editor friends, one of whom insisted that I allow her to have them published in one of the Virginian papers. After much consideration of this, and when it had been repeated many times, I, at last, consented to send these items to be published, and as I did so, it was still with some hesitancy, a hesitancy like unto fear, lest the world should fail to appreciate the contents, and still this could not have been expected, for I realized that only those fortunate enough to have been members of the Seniors' Class of 1916, could really know the significance.

But if by chance this article should fall into the possession of one of our number, where it will be treasured as a memento of days past, I shall feel that my task is well done, and that the results of my diligent search shall mean to the life of some one what it means to me—a reminder of the days spent at the dear old Normal, though sometimes days of sadness, in most days of joy, and as I look back, I see only the brightness, for after all they were days crowned with success, which brought to us the commencement, diploma, and class day, when the prophet prophesied all these things, and to think they have really happened!

"Of all horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast;
Is that portentous phrase, 'I told you so'."

MAE MASON HUNDLEY,
Class Prophet.

THE BATTLEFIELD

"Our Various Gifts Dispensed"



We, the members of the only Senior Class of 1916, of the State Normal and Industrial School, on Marye's Heights, near the city of Fredericksburg, in the State of Virginia; every single one, thirty-two in number, having feared, for the best good of society, of which we are a part, that we must transmit our transmissible possessions, do leave to the Faculty various and sundry things; to the Institution several other things to those who are to follow in our footsteps such items of our wealth as: happiness, intellect, an optimistic frame of mind, good principles of habit-formation, good looks, the desire to do right under all circumstances, a hopeful attitude and, that which we consider best of all, class-loyalty. That these things may be more definitely disposed of, we do leave the following document:

Item I.

To our School we do will and bequeath:

1. An unerasable impression of an ideal class.
2. A magic balm to be wafted over the campus which will enable the young trees to afford a little shade.
3. An institution of a sub-faculty, which shall include the night-watchman, Mr. Weedon, Mr. Hart, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Payne, Mr. Jackson and Charlie White, and this to be subject to amendment.
4. After much thought and consideration we have decided to leave to our school two copies of the beautiful and famous paintings, "The Song of the Lark," by Breton, and "In the Still Forest," by Wyant.

Item II.

To Mr.. Russell, our honored and admired President, we do will and bequeath:

1. A student body of which it may not be said, "And they do not think!"
2. A future void of anxiety or fear concerning the outcome of anything whatsoever, which may arise in the career of a Normal School President.

Item III.

To our honored friend and adviser, Miss Goobrick, we will and bequeath:

1. Classes which will be equipped with well-filled fountain pens, soft-lead pencils No. 2, and loose-leaf note books.
2. A place among such historians as Livy, Gibbon, Hume, and others just as noted.
3. Classes which will read and absorb all of the daily newspapers.

Item IV.

To Mr. Chandler we do will and bequeath:

1. A new edition of Mr. Eggleston's book, "Our School," having lately received the title, "Mr. Chandler's Bible."
2. A Senior Class who will try to show their appreciation of him as we have attempted to do.

Item V.

To Miss Stone we do will and bequeath:

1. Plenty of raincoats, overshoes and umbrellas to supply the incoming Seniors.
2. A Senior Class which will, no matter what happens, be exactly perfect in every sense of the word.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****

"Our Various Gifts Disposed"

Item VI.

To Mr. Hamlet we will and bequeath: A Junior Class, raised to the Nth degree of perfection and in every respect different from us as Juniors, so that he will not have to exclaim each Monday morning, "How shall I ever stand those Juniors three times again this week?"

Item VII.

To Mr. Tyner we do will and bequeath:

1. A treatise entitled, "What is the Matter With the Senior Class?"
2. Seniors who will comprehend and appreciate all the Philosophy, Sociology and History of Education that unfeeling professors may impose upon them.

Item VIII.

To Miss Marshall we do will and bequeath:

1. All the London fogs that she can wade through.
2. A home which will be a model of health and sanitation.

Item IX.

To Miss Hinman we do will and bequeath:

1. Classes which will read all her parallel assignments by proper date, and appreciate the principles of artistic arrangement in annuals.
2. Also classes which will carry out her especial rule: "Please put your name and the date in the lower right hand corner of your papers."

Item X.

To Mr. Shewmake we will and bequeath:

1. A name to be inserted in that which he bears at present—the wondrous name of "Chubb."
2. A new Senior class which will not forget the hard and fast rule, "Sit only in every other chair," and will also entertain an empirical attitude toward the teaching of spelling.

Item XI.

To Mrs. Shewmake we will and bequeath:

A faithful and attentive husband, and an English class that will be as loyal and true as Miss Dadmun would wish them to be.

Item XII.

To Miss Fraser we do will and bequeath:

1. A separate and distinct room on the third floor, Virginia Hall, where her pupils in music may practice their do, ti, las without the interference of those who have not the same appreciation.
2. About a dozen extra copies of "Melody Studies," to be distributed among the incoming Senior Class in Music.

Item XIII.

To Miss Atkinson, our lover of Nature, we will and bequeath:

A Junior Class with the ability and desire to take all the Friday afternoon walks required of them.

THE BATTLEFIELD

"Our Various Gifts Dispensed"

Item XIV.

To Miss Forbes we leave:

1. All the enlightenment concerning those mystic realms—Virginia and Williard Halls.
2. An expression of gratitude and appreciation for the sympathy, patience and kind attention bestowed upon us through all our trials, including the Grippe, Dyphtheria and Ptomaine poisoning.

Item XV.

To Dr. Smith we leave, in case the aspirin gives out, a substitute—Castor Oil.

Item XVI.

To Mrs. Chew we bequeath:

The dear little study bell. May she ever preserve so faithful a friend.

Item XVII.

As Mr. Harrison has already been given to the Junior Class three times, we feel that he is by this time a permanent possession. So it is only left to us the pleasure of willing to him enough shotguns which will aid him to offer the appropriate suggestions during the basket ball game—"Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!"

Item XVIII.

To Miss Peoples we will and bequeath:

A huge volume of Green Myths, which may be used throughout all the grades.

Item XIX.

To Miss Black we will and bequeath:

A mind like Cicero's, a heart like Caesar's, and a life equal to Virgil's.

Item XX.

To Miss Merrill we will and bequeath:

A profusion of embroidery cotton, a number of ready-made patterns, crocheting needles by the dozens, and a class in cooking, with enough elbow grease to wash the pots and pans.

Item XXI.

To Miss Clark we leave a sunny disposition and a tendency to say, "Yes, girls, you may use the phone whenever you wish to do so."

Item XXII.

To Miss Yates, the source of all knowledge, we will:

1. Enough books to exhaust the Dewey Decimal classification.
2. Girls who will give more definite directions on asking for books than: "It is a book about 1½ inches thick, with a blue back."

Item XXIII.

To our devoted housekeeper, Mrs. Carter, it pleases us to leave all forks, knives, and spoons to be found in the rooms of Virginia and Williard Halls.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****

"Our Various Gifts Dispensed"

Item XXIV.

To Miss Willis, our piano teacher, we do will and bequeath a wonderful studio, wherein she will not be disturbed in her hours of hard work.

Item XXV.

To our much-admired Sophomore Class we do will and bequeath illustrious careers.

Item XXVI.

To our beloved Junior Class we do will and bequeath:

1. The Senior's colors which have carried us so gloriously through the vicissitudes of our Senior year.
2. A reputation equal to the one which we are leaving behind us.
3. The privilege of teaching in the training school.
4. The opportunity of trying out any new teachers who may come next year.
5. A hopeful and charitable frame of mind to be entertained toward all situations which may arise.
6. A pitch-pipe to be used in all their contesting games in place of the heavy piano that they so graciously have lugged around in the gym.

We do hereby appoint Prof. W. N. Hamlet to be sole executor of this, our Last Will and Testament; said executor to be just but firm in carrying out every item of this final expression of our desires concerning all persons and things mentioned herein.

(Signed) MARIE OLGA WARD, Attorney.



Farewell !

Upon a rare June morning mild,

We lingered 'round with friends so dear,
And for each others' sake we smiled,

Each striving hard to hide a tear;
For from our friends we soon must part,
And leave the school so near each heart.

The parting time has come at last,

And we into Life's school must go
To conquer tests as in the past,

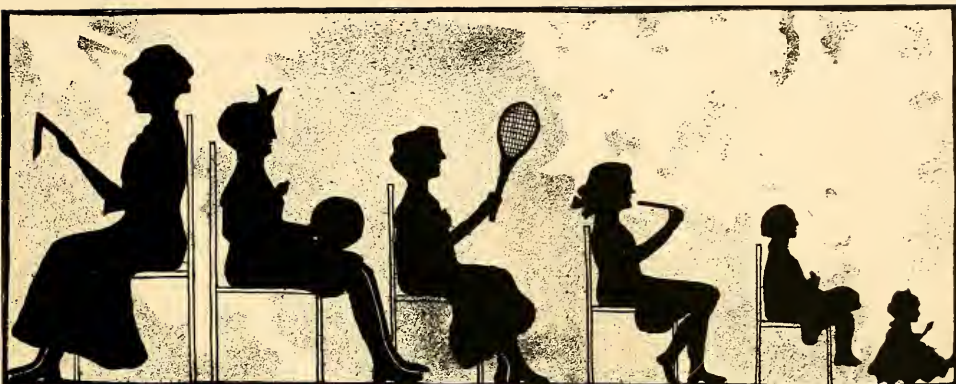
And with our strength oppose the foe
Of ignorance, and sin, and crime.
Farewell! dear school; 'tis parting time.

—LUCY PAYNE.



A-FOR OUR ARTISTS

OLIVE MAY HINMAN
LYDA MONROE ELLIS
MARY THELMA TURNER
LAURA MASON WRIGHT
MARY SPENCER LEITCH
MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
ELIZABETH CHAUNCEY CARTER
CHARLOTTE ELEANOR LAWRENCE
GERTRUDE WILLIAMSON WHITE
JESSE MURRAY HAMMERLY
MARGARET IRVING WHITE
HELEN PALMER FREEMAN
LILLIE FRENCH ROBERTS
NANCY CARR HARRISON
MILDRED IMOGEN ELLIS
LEAM B. SNOW FLIPPIN
IMOGEN SLAUGHTER
WINNIE COLVIN



C L A S S E S

JUNIOR

HE WHO ENDURES SHALL CONQUER.

SOPHOMORE

STILL HIGHER.

FRESHMAN

WE ARE SEEN BY OUR ACTIONS.

PREP.

LABOR CONQUERS ALL.

SUB-PREP.

NOT ON TOP BUT CLIMBING.

SPECIAL

WE LIVE NOT FOR OURSELVES BUT FOR OTHERS. (C)

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



Class of 1917

MOTTO: He who endures shall conquer.

FLOWER: *Violet*

COLORS: Lavender and White

MEMBERS

CALPURNIA ANNA BAILEY
SUSIE MAYBETH BAILEY
ABBIE BALLARD
DAISY EMMA BARGAMIN
EFFIE GRAHAM BERRY
MAMIE LOUISE BISCOE
LUCILLE HOOE BOGGS
SADIE MAUDE BOWLES
IONE MARGARETT BOXLEY
MARIE ELIZABETH BREWINGTON
BESSIE BELLE BROACHE
MABEL PAULINE BROWNE

MILDRED LOUISE BROWN
GENEVIEVE CONTESSE BURKE
MARY ELLEN BURKE
HESTER LUCILLE BURTON
DELMA COSETTE CALLIS
ELIZABETH CHAUNCY CARTER
HULDAH ADA CLARKE
HERMINE VIRGINIA COGHILL
MARY BALL CONNELLEE
MARGARET VIRGINIA DIX
LUCY HOLWAY DIXON
WINNIE DAVIS DOWNES
LYDA MONROE ELLIS

MILDRED IMOGEN ELLIS
NANCY BUCKNER EUBANK
CARRIE GOODWIN FLIPPO
CARRIE CARLETON FOX
RAE DAKIN FURNAS
NANNIE GOODMAN
JANIE GORDON
ELIZABETH WRIGHT HAILE
BETT MARGARET HALLETT
RENA DEWEY JACOBS
ANNE MCGREGOR JAMES
MARGARET TRAVERS JAMES

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



Class of 1917

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CARRIE BAYLOR MAHON	MABEL LUCILLE PUTNEY	ELIZABETH ROCKWELL STRAUGHN
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RACHEL SCARBOROUGH MESSICK	LILLIE FRENCH ROBERTS	GEORGIA LEE WASHINGTON
LILLIE LEE MICHIE	CORRINNE LUCILLE ROGERS	GERTRUDE WILLIAMSON WHITE
EUGENIA CONSTANCE MILLNER	GERTRUDE PATTERSON SAUNDERS	SUSIE EMILY WILSON
EDNA WATKINS MORTON	INA EVELYN SCOTT	LUCILLE ROSALIE WOODY
RUTH ANNE NORTHEN	LUCY LITCHFIELD SEARS	HILDA THOMAS WRIGHT
RUTH OLIVER	LOIS MARIE SHUMAN	JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT
MAIMEE PHILLIPS	ETHEL JOHNSON SMITH	LILLIAN GEORGE WRIGHT
	MARY FRANCES SMITH	

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



Class of 1918

MOTTO: Still higher

FLOWER: Rose

COLORS: Rose and White

OFFICERS

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Vice-President

JEAN HART DIGGES

Secretary-Treasurer

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Athletic Representative

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ROSA CURRY BURRUSS
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MARGUERITE CLARK
MARIAN LEMMIE CLARKSON
ETHEL JULIETTE COPELAND
KATHERINE ELIZABETH CORR
MARIA LOUISE COSBY
EDNA EARLE CURTIS
HESTER MAE DEMPSEY
JEAN HART DIGGES

MYRTLE LOVING DIGGES
NATALIE ELMIRA DUDLEY
ELSIE DUNCAN
IDA FRANCES FELTON
HELEN PALMER FREEMAN
LULA MAE FRENCH
VIRGINIA TOWLES GORDON
HANNAH ELIZABETH HARGEST
JESSIE ELIZABETH HARRIS
MARIAN LOUISE HARRIS
MARGARET BYRON HAWKINS
LENA ESTELLE HICKS
LELIA MARIE JAMES
ANNIE MEREDITH KENDALL
ANNA JANE LEWIS
MALVINIA PEARL LUCAS
ANNE E. STRIBLING MONCURE

FANNIE MAE MORGAN
BERTHA ALLOA NASH
CHARLOTTE COLONNA OMOHUNDRO
LUCY PAYNE
HELEN HARRINGTON RAINS
MABEL GLANVILLE REAMY
CLARA COLLINS RICHARDS
MARGARET HELEN RICHWINE
PEARL SCRIMGER
IMOGEN SLAUGHTER
ELMYRA LUCINDA SNEAD
FAY McEVERY SPRINKEL ✓
GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN
NORA LEE SYDNOR
MABEL MURRAY WALKER
LULA ORNETTA WILLIAMSON

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



Class of 1919

FLOWER: White Rose

MOTTO: We are seen by our actions

COLORS: Green and White

OFFICERS

President

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Vice-President

FANNIE BRAXTON LANDON

Secretary-Treasurer

LUCY VIRGINIA WILKINS

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LUCY VAUGHAN POINDENTER

Class Editor

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HORTENSE AUGUSTA PARKER
LUCY VAUGHAN POINDENTER
SELTINE CONSTANCE RICE
LUCY VIRGINIA WILKINS
JANIE CATHERINE WRIGHT

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



Class of 1920

MOTTO: Labor conquers all

FLOWER: Daisy

COLORS: Yellow and White

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Vice-President

MARY EDMONDS GOULDING

Secretary-Treasurer

RUTH ELEANOR HICKS

Athletic Representative

FRANCES JOSEPHINE BASS

Class Editor

FRANCES JOSEPHINE BASS

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DOROTHY KNOWLES JONES

LOUISE CARLTON LUCK
TABITHA GLADYS PARKER
MARTHA ROSALIA POINDEXTER
ALICE LAURA SIMPSON
ELLA LEAGH SIMPSON
ANNA ELIZABETH SMITH
MARGARET AUGUSTA WILLIAMS

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



Class of 1921

MOTTO: Not on top, but climbing

FLOWER: Black-eyed Susan

COLORS: Black and Gold

OFFICERS

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MARGARET RANDOLPH TAYLOR

Vice-President

MARY LOUISE YATES

Treasurer

ROBERTA ELIZABETH MARTIN

Secretary

EDNA LENORE METCALF

Athletics

MARGARET RANDOLPH TAYLOR

Class Editor

MARGARET RANDOLPH TAYLOR

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JANIE MCKINLEY BURTON
GENEVIEVE KATHERINE CHIDESTER
MARTHA TERRELL COSBY
SARAH WINGFIELD COSBY
MYRTLE ESTHER DAFFAN
ELLEN BYRD DEW

PEARL LILLIAN DICKINSON
MARY OLIVE HOLLINS
GRACE TRUMAN JETT
RUTH ELLEN JOHNSON
MARY ALICE LEE
ROBERTA ELIZABETH MARTIN
MARION REBECCA MELLON

EDNA LENORE METCALF
VIRGINIA HENRIETTA OWENS
LOUISE CURTIS SMITH
MARGARET RANDOLPH TAYLOR
MARY URQUHART THOMAS
JENNIE GREY WOOLARD
MARY LOUISE YATES

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



Special Class

MOTTO: We live not for ourselves but for others

FLOWER: Pansy

COLOR: Purple and Gold

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ANNE ELIZA HARRIS

Secretary

ANNA BOURNE HARRELL

Treasurer

EVA MAE STROTHER

Class Editor

WINNIE ESTELLE COLVIN

MEMBERS

KATHERINE JULIE BARRACK

CLAIRE WILLIAMS GRAVES

ESTHER MAUDE CLARKSON

ANNA BOURNE HARRELL

WINNIE ESTELLE COLVIN

ANNE ELIZA HARRIS

MARY WALLACE CHICHESTER

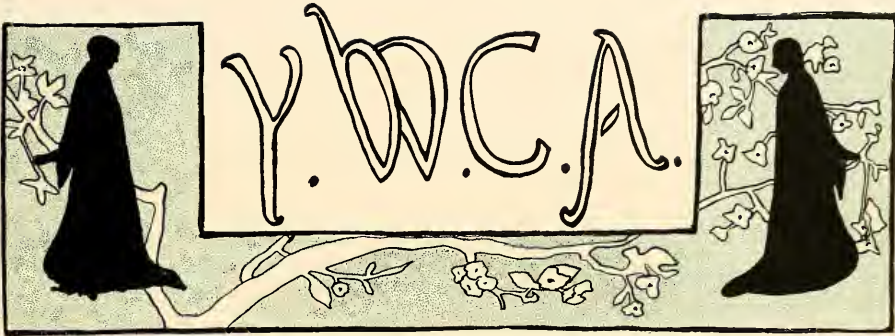
EVA MAE STROTHER

LILLIAN LEE TEMPLEMAN

ORGANIZATIONS



"TURN, TURN MY WHEEL!
TURN ROUND AND ROUND
WITHOUT A PAUSE, WITHOUT
A SOUND: SO SPINS THE FLYING
WORD AWAY."—LONGFELLOW.



PURPOSE: To unite the girls of the institution in loyalty to Jesus Christ, to lead them to accept Him as their personal Savior, to build them up in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, especially through Bible Study and Christian Service, that their character and conduct may be consonant with their belief. It shall thus associate them with the students of the world for the advancement of the Kingdom of God. It shall further seek to enlist their devotion to the Christian Church and the religious wish of this institution.

THE AIM OF THE COMMITTEES.

MEMBERSHIP: To enlist all the students as members of the Association, thereby leading them to find themselves in service.

RELIGIOUS: To deepen the spiritual life of the students by regular weekly services and by a daily prayer circle in Morning Watch.

BIBLE STUDY: To organize and conduct classes for a systematic study of the Bible.

MISSION STUDY: To organize and conduct Mission Study Classes, that each girl may learn of the expansion of God's Kingdom and her responsibility to it.

FINANCE: To collect and expend funds necessary for conducting the business of the Association.

ASSOCIATION NEWS: To keep in touch as far as possible with other associations in order to be a source of information for the other committees.

SOCIAL: To welcome new students, to promote friendly social relationships among the girls, and at all times to stand firmly on a basis of social democracy.

SOCIAL SERVICE: To interest the girls in social service work in both school and the communities near by.

Y. W. C. A. HISTORY, 1915-16.

Last spring when the present Cabinet went into office they were almost overwhelmed with the sense of their responsibility, for every girl was new. Fortunate, indeed, were they to have Miss Mabel E. Stone, Student Secretary for the South Atlantic field, to come and visit them at that time. The inspiration and helpful suggestions she gave aided greatly in planning the work for the new year.

During the last few weeks of the semester plans were made for making up a delegation to send to the Southern Student Conference at Blue Ridge, N. C., in June, resulting in the sending, as delegates, of four girls besides the President. The visions and the inspiration gained there have led very materially in making the Association broader and more influential in the life of the school.

During the summer, letters were written to prospective students, welcoming them to the school. The Cabinet and receiving committees came early to school to meet the trains and welcome the new girls.

The year has been a success in many ways. Vital interest has been shown by nearly all the students. The membership shows a marked increase over that of last year, the enrollment being 170 students.

Weekly meetings are held on Sunday nights and have been largely attended. These are led by the girls and members of the faculty, and outside speakers at times. They have been well advertised by attractive posters.

"Morning Watch" is held fifteen minutes before breakfast every morning in the Y. W. C. A. room. The special themes and subjects which have been followed out in this simple song and prayer service have been most helpful to the girls.

The Bible Study Committee in the fall organized four Bible Study Classes, including "The Teachers' Training Class," with an enrollment of fifty-four students. In the spring four Mission Study Classes were organized, with a large number of students enrolled.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



Y. W. C. A. Officers

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MIRIAM HANSFORD PERRIN

Vice-President

MARGARET IRVINE WHITE

Treasurer

CHARLOTTE ELEANOR LAWRENCE

Secretary

GRACE FRANKLIN BEAZLEY

Advisory Member

EULA D. ATKINSON

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

MARGARET IRVINE WHITE, Membership

INA FRANCES TAYLOR, Religious Meetings

MARY SPENCER LEITCH, Bible Study

GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN, Mission Study

CHARLOTTE ELEANOR LAWRENCE, Finance

LUCY LIPSCOMB DUVAL, Association News

MARY REBECCA HARWOOD, Social

MABEL MURRAY WALKER, Social Service

Y. W. C. A. SUB-COMMITTEES

MARJORIE LEIGH HOLLEMAN, Music

NANCY CARR HARRISON, Poster

MARY MINOR RICHARDSON, Room

THE BATTLEFIELD

The Golden Jubilee of the Y. W. C. A.

"He shall hallow the fiftieth year and proclaim liberty throughout the land."—Lev. 25, 10.



ARCH 3rd of this year marked the fiftieth anniversary of the Young Woman's Christian Association. Sixty-five thousand students celebrated this anniversary during the month of February in a National Jubilee. Our association planned its regular meetings during the Jubilee, so as to give real events in the history of the association. From them were gathered up from week to week the emphasis of the past days.

It was a busy month for devotional, poster, social and music committees, but these committees caught the jubilee spirit and did their work joyfully. Special speakers were chosen from the faculty and elsewhere. Miss Lucy Mason, of Richmond, spent week-end with us and gave us an insight into the work being done through the city association for the industrial girl.

"The Girls of Yesterday and Today," a historical pageant of the life of the Association, was given in the Auditorium of Russell Hall, Friday evening, February 25th. The Speaking Characters were the girl of 1866 and 1916. These parts were well rendered by Gertrude White and Sara Bruce, very becomingly costumed to represent the time.

There were four parts: The Prologue; Scene 1, Beginnings; Scene 2, the Procession of the Years; Scene 3, the Present Day.

In the Prologue, the Girl of 1866 soliloquized on the new and strange conditions which women of that day were facing. As if to illustrate these conditions, there crossed the stage groups of girls from among those beginning to earn their living.

Scene 1, the Beginnings is the answer to this need. A group of women, encouraged by the success of a Young Women's Christian Association in Boston, have met to organize a similar work. At this point was introduced as the recurring theme, the hymn, "God Is Working His Purpose Out."

Scene 2, the Procession of the Years, showed the decades of years since that early organization, and the growing membership of the Association down to the present day.

Scene 3, the Present Day, suggested some of the activities of the Association of today, and introduced some of the many kinds of girls who have a part in its life.

About a hundred girls took part in the pageant and the costumes in Scene 2 added much to its beauty and effectiveness. After the pageant the Social Committee took charge of the guests and refreshments were served.

At the Birthday Service celebrated the last Sunday evening in February, letters were read from the Alumnæ telling us what the Y. W. C. A. has meant to them since they left school. The spirit and purpose of the Jubilee was summed up in this simple, sweet service and our motto: "I am come that they might have life and that they may have it more abundantly," was given a double meaning in our lives, and we were made proud to be a part of such a movement and with all our hearts were made jubilant.



Sonnet

Oft have I seen a little child at play,
And wonder'd to myself, if he but knew
The joys and pains that come to us each day,
Would all this wisdom change his point of view,
Or would his days be spent so when he came
To those same snares that cause us so much pain,
He'd keep his path and live on just the same

As one who runs his course without disdain?
Could I but change my life from this anew,
I would steer clear from all life's pain and woe,
And ever keep the ideals of a few
Of those great ones whose kindness e'er flow,
Just as the eager little mountain stream
Which shows us how to gain our highest dream.

ANNE E. MONCURE.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Spring

O, sweet is life on a warm spring day,
And gladness breathes through the air.
It is the flowerets' blossoming time,—
All nature is blithesome and fair.

The hum of the bees, the song of the birds
Make music joyous and sweet;
The butterflies flit from lilac to leaf,
And kiss the soft breezes they meet.

The violet blooms in the mossy dell
In her sweet humility.
Tenderly the wind comes whispering near:
"It's May," it softly sings to me.

HESTER MAIE DEMPSEY.

Autumn

Autumn is the evening of the year,
When every forest is a burning tree,
The season when the sky is ever clear,
The time when everything there is to see,
And when we all from cares and toils are free.
The snow falls then and glistens in the sun,
'Tis then that Plenty pours her wine of cheer,
And every one joins in school play and fun.
To Mother Earth the leaves have all been won.
The flowers that once did bloom have gone to rest,
And in affluent splendor beams the sun;
Also the ice is quite a welcome guest.
But, after all, does autumn quite compare
With dear old spring so lovely and so fair

ELSIE DUNCAN.

IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
DORA JOANNE DADMON

who PASSED INTO
LIFE EVERLASTING
MARCH THE TWENTY FIFTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND
SIXTEEN

ATHLETICS



WHY HAVE PLAYGROUNDS, WHY?
WHY DOES A FLOWER NEED LIGHT?

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Members.....Student Body

OFFICERS

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CAROLINE WILHELMINA HESS, Vice-President
FANNIE MAY MORGAN, Secretary and Treasurer

FACULTY COMMITTEE

SARAH R. MARSHALL, Chairman
EULA D. ATKINSON WILLIAM N. HAMLET
GUNYON M. HARRISON EDWIN F. SHEWMAKE, JR.
C. MASON SMITH CHARLOTTE PEOPLES

WE are taught that the aim of athletic sports is much more far-reaching than merely the winning or losing a game. To cultivate courageousness, perseverance, self-control, absolute fairness, co-operation with fellow-students, to be loyal as well as ladylike, to promote the spirit of good sportsmanship in learning, to accept defeat, but try harder next time,—these are the broader educative effects of our athletics.

The advancement as the years go on in basket ball, tennis, and gymnasium work is worthy of note, while the interest in the Field Day contests is as great as ever. Since 1914, the Fox and Hound Chase, and Gymnastic Tournament have been numbered among the exciting events of the seasons. The May Day Festival of last year, with the effective Aesthetic dances, was lovely in every detail. Many things give fair promise of successful and creditable years to come. A new Athletic Field, with four tennis courts, is nearing completion. It is planned to place a rustic summer-house on the brow of the hill and new equipment for the gymnasium is added from year to year. In the near future we hope for a Trophy Cup to award the winners in the Tennis Tournament, which is anticipated with pleasure by players and spectators alike.

May we strive, each one, to fit ourselves so as not to be far removed from the ideals held constantly before us by our instructor:

“The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill
A perfect woman nobly planned.”

School Basket Ball Song

To tune “Co-ed.”

Here's to the team from Normal
And to their brilliant plays;
Here's to the team from Normal,
Pride of our student days.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

We'll boast our dashing forwards,
We'll toast our fine guards, too;
Long live our dauntless centers,
Here's to the green and blue.



Basket Ball Team

Coach—SARAH R. MARSHALL

Forwards:

CAROLINE WILHELMINA HESS

GARLAND STRAUGHAN

ANNE MACGREGOR JAMES (Captain)

Guards:

EDNA EARL CARTER

Centers:

MARY MINOR RICHARDSON

Side-Centers:

ROBERTA WILLIAMS CRALLE

LEAM BEATRICE FLIPPIN

MARY REBECCA HARWOOD

HANNAH ELIZABETH HARGEST

MABEL ADA NASH

Basket Ball



ASKET BALL is one of the oldest and most popular forms of athletics for girls. Played in proper form, it develops good carriage, poise, self-command, and the faculties of attention and judgment. The qualities of grace and refinement must be stimulated by the game, or it is a failure. There are many ways of making use of play in education; first, by making work more entertaining and interesting, and next by employing play as a means of development. All play involves a certain amount

Basket Ball

of work, and surely it is an ideal end in education to develop a habit of joyousness in the duties of the day. Perhaps the most important thing to learn in the playing of a game is to accept gracefully either victory or defeat. The influence of the "spirit of the game" on practical life has been thus described.

"The people who accomplish things are the people who play the game. They let themselves go, they are not afraid. We play not by jumping the traces of life's responsibilities, but by going so far beyond life's compulsions as to lose sight of the compulsion element. Play up, play fairly, and play the game."

Let us choose our teams, who are the representatives of the classes and of the school in athletics, according to the highest possible standard, and it should be the responsibility of each player not to come beneath it. Specifically, what points should be considered? Fairness, which includes honesty with one's self and others; self-control, that perfect command of the individual which enables him to use his judgment under any circumstances; grace and refinement, those qualities which are never lacking in the ideal woman; and then those physical characteristics which may be acquired and developed according to one's determination and perseverance, alertness, swiftness and accuracy.

The 1915-16 Basket Ball season was one full of interest and enjoyment to the participants, whether they were among the sixty girls who practiced and played in the match games, or those whose part was in the gallery to cheer and encourage with class and school songs. The fine spirit which was shown has served to put this form of sport upon the proper basis in our school. May we learn, each one of us, to be modest in victory and cheerful in defeat, whether it be in our school play, or as a player in life's larger game.

The following is the result of the inter-class contests:

First Place—JUNIOR CLASS	Second Place—SENIOR CLASS	Third Place—SOPHOMORE CLASS
Junior, 17; Senior, 7.	Senior, 16; Sophomore, 14.	Sophomore, 43; Freshman, 4.
Junior, 17; Sophomore, 10.	Senior, 32; Freshman, 1.	
Junior, 21; Freshman, 3.		

SARAH R. MARSHALL.

HE first game played between our team and visitors from Washington resulted in a score of 23 to 12, in favor of the invincible players of 1915-16.

The members of the Ingram team were entertained in the school from the time of their arrival on Saturday, March 18th, until Sunday afternoon. Our guests bore their defeat well and expressed a wish to have another game next year.

"BUT 'TWAS A FAMOUS VICTORY"

E were all so happy—yes, we were going on an early train and that meant more time in Washington to have a good time we hoped, to become tired out our chaperones feared; but we were gay, and when all of the girls came out with us, to bid us a pleasant trip and make us know that their good wishes for success attended us, we entered the jitney with hearts that were confident of a successful day.

The trip to our Capital City was very interesting and, because the first time that many of us had been to Washington we were all eager for the first view. The Union Station proved a wondrous sight. But we were looking for other things, and soon were being ushered through the Capitol and the Congressional Library, both of which were exceedingly instructive.

How glad we were to arrive at the Ebbitt, for we realized that it was quite a long time since we had had our breakfast at the Normal Dining Hall. The dinner was in harmony with our appetites, and we appreciated Mr. Harrison's jokes even when they were on some of us; we had to be good sports.

The rest of the day must be divided so that we could continue our sight-seeing, rest, and play the game which we had almost forgotten. We went through the White House, and saw many buildings which we remember as wonderful structures. Then we rested for the game. We tried to relax and forget, but there was much to think about.

The game—I've almost forgotten to mention it—and that's what we came for! Oh, yes, it was quite a hard game, between the Washington Y. W. C. A. and our team, but because we always held the score at least two points ahead our hopes were never dimmed. And we had such an encouraging audience in the gallery, who spurred us on with their cheers. When the game was won with the score of 16 to 7, and we knew that the 'phone message to our school-mates would be the one that they expected, we were truly happy.

Our good time was continued at the Y. W. C. A., where we dined with the same girls, with whom we had played. Then we returned to the gymnasium to see the game played between the George Washington University and the Ingram teams. This we watched with interest, but we had to leave before the end of the game to catch the train back to Fredericksburg.

Some of us spent the remainder of the week-end with friends in the city, but when we returned to our dear old Normal we were given a hearty welcome, and then we knew how much our victory meant to those at home as well as to our team and coach.



Senior Basket Ball Team

Forwards:

CAROLINE WILHELMINA HESS (Captain)
MINNIE LUTTRELL TRAVIS

Centers:

JESSE MURRAY HAMMERLEY
INA FRANCES TAYLOR

Guards:

JULIA DOSWELL MILLS
MAE MASON HUNDLEY

Substitutes:

MATTIE MAE ATKINSON
GRACE FRANKLIN BEAZLEY

Basket Ball Song

TUNE: "Jubilee in My Old Kentucky Home."

Come on, come on, oh, Senior Team,
And get that basket ball!
Throw those goals both swift and sure
And drive them to the wall.
You can beat them through and through,
You can leave them looking blue.

Get down to it.
You can do it.
Oh! Oh! do your very best,
And you will be right there,
And victors one and all,
Come on, come on, oh, Senior Team,
And get that basket ball.



Senior Track Team

MINNIE LUTTRELL TRAVIS
Business Manager

INA FRANCES TAYLOR
Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

JESSE MURRAY HAMMERLEY
GENEVIEVE JENKINS
NANCY CARR HARRISON

JULIA DOSWELL MILLS
CAROLINE WILHELMINA HESS
INA FRANCES TAYLOR

MAE MASON HUNDLEY
MINNIE LUTTRELL TRAVIS
MARIE OLGA WARD



Class Athletic Representatives

GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN
NANCY CARR HARRISON

ROBERTA WILLIAMS CRALLE
LUCY VAUGHAN POINDEXTER

MARGARET RANDOLPH TAYLOR
FRANCES JOSEPHINE BASS



Forwards: ANNE MACGREGOR JAMES
JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT

Guards: LEAM B. SNOW FLIPPIN
MABEL ADA NASH (Captain)

Centers: MARY MINOR RICHARDSON
ROBERTA WILLIAMS CRALLE

SUBSTITUTES

Forward: MABEL JEANETTE LOKEY
Center: MARY REBECCA HARWOOD

Guards: NANCY BUCKNER EUBANK
RACHEL SCARBOROUGH MESSICK

Basket Ball Song

TUNE: "My Little Girl."

My Junior Team, you know we're for you,
And we bet on you alway.
Our Junior Team, we know you're playing
Tho' the goal seems far away.

We see those Seniors down in the gym. room,
Where they're striving hard for fame.
Our Junior Team, we know it's in you,
So, go in, and win this game.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



Sophomore Basket Ball Team



Forwards:

GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN (Captain)
JEAN HART DIGGES

Guards:

BERTHA ALLOA NASH
EDNA EARL CARTER

Centers:

HELEN PALMER FREEMAN
HANNAH ELIZABETH HARGEST

Substitutes:

HELEN HARRINGTON RAINS.
ILA LYNWOOD BROOKS
KATHERINE ELIZABETH CON

Basket Ball Song

Tune: "Under the Bamboo Tree."
We like to win, and you like to win,
And we both like to win the same;
We'd like to say, this very day,
We're going to win this game.
So clear out the way,
For the rose and the white,
For here comes the Sophomore team,
They are the best,
You know the rest,
We're going to win this game.

THE BATTLEFIELD



Freshman Basket Ball Team

Forwards:

MARTHA LOUISE CAMPBELL
MARY GLADYS OMOHUNDRO

Guards:

GRACE CROZER MASON
LUCY VAUGHAN POINDENTER

Centers:

SELTINE CONSTANCE RICE (Captain)
THELMA HARRIS FRAZER

SUBSTITUTES

MATTIE ANDERSON FRAZER
GAYNELLE ESTHER DILLEHAY

ADELAIDE PERRY BILLINGSLEY
BESSIE LEROY FRANKLIN

Basket Ball Song

TUNE: "Casey Jones."

I.

Come on, you girls, if you want to play
We can beat the —— most any old way—
We can have a team and I want you to know,
The —— won't be in it when the game is o'er.

CHORUS:

Poor old ——! you just won't be in it,
Poor old ——! when the game is o'er.
For the Freshman team is surely going to win it.
So the —— won't be in it when the game is o'er.

II.

Now count your team, count them, one by one,
But there won't be much counting when the game is
done,
For we have a pitcher and I want you to know,
Just give her the ball and the goal she'll throw.

CHORUS:

She'll throw the goal and —— won't be in it.
She'll throw the goal, throw it o'er and o'er.
She'll throw the goal and —— won't be in it.
They won't be in it, when the game is o'er.



Prep Basket Ball Team

Forwards:

DOROTHY KNOWLES JONES (Captain)
MARTHA ROSALIE POINDEXTER

Guards:

REBECCA TYSON JANNEY
FRANCES JOSEPHINE BASS

Centers:

MABEL LEWIS GLENN
ALICE LAURA SIMPSON

SUBSTITUTES

VIRGINIA HAYNIE

MARGARET LOUISE HAISLIP

ELLA LEACH SIMPSON

Basket Ball Song

TUNE: "My Little Dream Girl."

The little Prep Team,
The dear old Prep Team,
Sometimes it seems team,
That you must lose.
But win we must do,
For we trust in you.
Yes, you must,
Yes, you just

Must win this game.
The little Prep Team,
Will win it does seem,
Although the Freshmen are up in arms.
Yes, yes, yes,
Yes, yes, yes,
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
And you will soon see
That they can do us but little harm.

Sub-Prep Basket Ball Team

Forwards:

MARGARET RANDOLPH TAYLOR
ELIZABETH LEE MARTIN

Guards:

LOUISE CURTIS SMITH
MARION REBECCA MELLON (Captain)

Centers:

GRACE THURMAN JETT
EDNA METCALF

Substitute:

PEARL, LILLIAN DICKINSON



The Tennis Club

Officers of the First Division

MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
President

JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT
Vice-President

GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN
Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS OF THE FIRST DIVISION

ANNIE CALPHURNIA BAILEY
LUCY LIPSCOMB DUVAL
MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
FANNIE MAY MORGAN

HELEN HARRINGTON RAINS
KATE MITCHELL RENFRO
BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT

NORA LEE SYDNOR
GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN
MINNIE LUTTRELL TRAVIS
JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT

Officers of the Second Division

ANNE MACGREGOR JAMES
President

MARJORIE LEIGH HOLLEMAN
Vice-President

THELMA ESTELLE ROBERTSON
Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS OF THE SECOND DIVISION

MATTIE MAE ATKINSON
FRANCES JOSEPHINE BASS
EFFIE GRAHAM BERRY
ELIZABETH VIRGINIA BOXLEY
ULA HURST CLUVERIUS
ROBERTA WILLIAMS CRALLE
MYRTLE LOVING DIGGS
LEAM SNOW FLIPPIN
HELEN PALMER FREEMAN
LUCY LEE GARTH

GENEVIEVE JENKINS
JESSE MURRAY HAMMERLEY
VIRGINIA ELIZABETH HAYNIE
MARJORIE LEIGH HOLLEMAN
ANNE MACGREGOR JAMES
RUTH GERTRUDE KING
ELSIE WARNER McKANN
RACHAEL S. MESSICK
MABEL ADA NASH
LUCY VAUGHAN POINDEXTER
MARY MINOR RICHARDSON

MARGARET HELEN RICHWINE
THELMA ESTELLE ROBERTSON
LOIS MARIE SHUMAN
INA FRANCES TAYLOR
MARGARET RANDOLPH TAYLOR
MARY THELMA TURNER
GERTRUDE WILLIAMSON WHITE
MARGARET IRVINE WHITE
LAURA MASON WRIGHT
LILLIAN GEORGE WRIGHT

ADVISORY MEMBER
SARAH R. MARSHALL

HONORARY MEMBERS
C. MASON SMITH
GUNYON M. HARRISON

 HE aim of the Tennis Club is to foster a love for this ideal form of out-of-door sport and to help develop good players. It is made up of two divisions, one composed of girls who have played several seasons and the other of those who are not quite so expert. As those in the Second Division develop into good players they are advanced into the First Division. Match games are arranged for the purpose of ascertaining those capable of being advanced. Players are chosen from the club to represent their various classes in the inter-class tournament.



Rifle Club

OFFICERS

MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
President

ROBERTA WILLIAMS CRALLE
Vice-President

MINNIE LUTTRELL TRAVIS
Secretary

LILLIE FRENCH ROBERTS
Treasurer

ALMA MYRTIS BAREFORD
DAISY EMMA BARGAMIN
FRANCES JOSEPHINE BASS
EFFIE GRAHAM BERRY
ETHEL VIRGINIA BONLEY
MARIA ELIZABETH BREWINGTON
BESSIE BELLE BROACHE
DELMA COSETTE CALLIS
ULA HURST CLUVERIUS
GEORGIA AUSTIN COCKERILLE
MARIAH LOUISE COSBY
ROBERTA WILLIAMS CRALLE
JEAN HART DIGGS
MARGARET DIX
BESSIE LEROY FRANKLIN
MATTIE ANDERSON FRAZER
HELEN PALMER FREEMAN
RACHEL DAKIN FURNAS
MABEL LEWIS GLENN
NANNIE GOODMAN
ELIZABETH WRIGHT HAILE
ELIZA ANNE HARRIS
GUNYON MITCHELL HARRISON

MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
VIRGINIA ELIZABETH HAYNIE
RUTH ELMO HICKS
MARJORIE LEIGH HOLLEMAN
LELIA MARIE JAMES
REBECCA TYSON JANNEY
GENEVIEVE JENKINS
DOROTHY KNOWLES JONES
RUTH GERTRUDE KING
MABEL JEANETTE LOKEY
ELIZABETH LEE MARTIN
ELSIE WARNER MCKANN
MARION REBECCA MELLON
RACHEL SCHARBOROUGH MESSICK
JENE CONSTANCE MILLNER
JULIE DOSWELL MILLS
RUTH OLIVER
GLADYS TABITHA PARKER
AUGUSTA HORTENSE PARKER
MAIMEE CELESTINE PHILLIPS
LUCY VAUGHAN POINDEXTER
MAYBLE LUCILE PUTNEY

MARY EMARD QUINN
MABEL GLANVILLE REAMY
SELTINE CONSTANCE RICE
MARGARET HELEN RICHWINE
CORRINE LUCILE ROGERS
LILLIE FRENCH ROBERTS
THELMA ESTELLE ROBERTSON
PEARL SCRINGER
ALICE LAURA SIMPSON
ELLA LEAGLE SIMPSON
IMOGEN SLAUGHTER
ANNA ELIZABETH SMITH
LUCILE ELMYRA SNEAD
JOSEPHINE CATHERINE SPINDLE
LUCY BLANCHE STONEHAM
MILDRED GARLAND STONEHAM
MARGARET RANDOLPH TAYLOR
MINNIE LUTTRELL TRAVIS
AMY ESTELLE VANDERGRIFF
MABEL MAURRY WALKER
SUSIE EMILY WILSON
MARIE OLGA WARD
LILLIAN GEORGE WRIGHT

 VERY good citizen of the United States should agree with President Wilson's policy of "Preparedness" and since we all expect to be future citizens, why not prepare us?

There is no reason why a girl should not shoot as well as a boy. We need to know and understand the art of shooting and the use of fire arms and as a means to this end we have organized our Rifle Club. While at present our crack shots are few, there is, no doubt, but that the number is growing. Perfection comes slowly in all things worth while. We practice at every possible time and we do not despair of being able shortly to produce a few expert riflemen, able to compete with any.



Student Government Association

LUCY LIPSCOMB DUVAL
President

GRACE FRANKLIN BEAZLEY
First Vice-President

LEAM BEATRICE FLIPPIN
Second Vice-President

GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN
Secretary

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Senior Representatives
GRACE FRANKLIN BEAZLEY
SARA ELIZABETH BRUCE
LUCY LIPSCOMB DUVAL
MARJORIE LEIGH HOLLEMAN
ELIZABETH JEANETTE SMITH
Preparatory Representative
MARY EDMONDS GOULDING

Junior Representatives
ROBERTA WILLIAMS CRALLE
LEAM BEATRICE FLIPPIN
MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
MARGARET IRVINE WHITE

Sub-Preparatory Representative
JENNIE GREY WOOLARD

Sophomore Representatives
JESSIE ELIZABETH HARRIS
GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN
Freshman Representatives
LUCY GOULDING CONWAY
LUCY VIRGINIA WILKINS
Special Representative
ESTHER MAUD CLARKSON

MARION C. FORBES

Advisory Committee
E. H. RUSSELL

VIRGINIA MAY GOOLBRICK



THE Student Government Association celebrated the first anniversary of its organization on the first of December. In a year's time, the association has made wonderful progress.

Through the co-operation of the girls it has become stronger than ever before, and as far as may be reckoned, is a permanent institution. The officers are not content with merely doing well, but are constantly on the alert for any means to make the organization better. The work of seeing that the rules are carried out involves all of the girls, and they do not fall short of what is expected of them in this respect.

On alternate Monday nights, an invited crowd assembles in the hall outside of the door of Room Five in Russell Hall, to be called into that room one by one, into the august presence of the Executive Committee, who pronounce a sentence upon the unfortunate individual for some deed done in an unguarded moment.



Town Girls' Student Government

OFFICERS

ELIZABETH MERIWETHER
President

MARGARET BYRON HAWKINS
Vice-President

ANNA JANE LEWIS
Secretary-Treasurer

OLIVE M. HINMAN
Advisory Member



Purpose

The purpose of this organization is to so direct and control our conduct as to keep our rooms orderly, both in respect to neatness and quietness; also to beautify and make our rooms home-like and to govern ourselves in all respects while in school.



The Woodrow Wilson Literary Society

FLOWER:
Pansy

MOTTO:
Carpe Diem

COLORS:
Lavender and Purple

Officers

FIRST TERM

KATE MITCHELL RENFRO
President
LEAM B. SNOW FLIPPIN
Vice-President
NANCY CARR HARRISON
Secretary
JESSIE ELIZABETH HARRIS
Treasurer
GRACE FRANKLIN BEAZLEY
Censor

SECOND TERM

MARJORIE LEIGH HOLLEMAN
President
MAYBLE ADA NASH
Vice-President
EUGENIA CONSTANCE MILLNER
Secretary
GERTRUDE PATTERSON SAUNDERS
Treasurer
VIOLA VIRGINIA MATTHEWS
Censor

THIRD TERM

ELIZABETH JEANETTE SMITH
President
JESSIE ELIZABETH HARRIS
Vice-President
MILDRED LOUISE BROWN
Treasurer
BERTHA ALLOA NASH
Secretary
MARIE LELIA JAMES
Censor

Executive Committee

SECOND TERM

MAYBLE ADA NASH
Chairman
JESSIE ELIZABETH HARRIS
Literary
FRANCES JOSEPHINE BASS
Music

THIRD TERM

JESSIE ELIZABETH HARRIS
Chairman
MARY SPENCER LEITCH
Literary
LUCILE HOOE BOGGS
Music

Honorary Members

EDWARD HUTSON RUSSELL
MARION CHARLOTTE FORBES

VIRGINIA M. GOOLRICK
MILDRED H. MERRILL
ETHEL BLACK

WILLIAM N. HAMLET
SARAH ROSSETTER MARSHALL

Faculty Advisory Committee

ETHEL BLACK

WILLIAM N. HAMLET

VIRGINIA MAY GOOLRICK

THE BATTLEFIELD

The Woodrow Wilson Literary Society

WE feel that in this, the fourth year of its work, the Woodrow Wilson Literary Society has excelled other years in accomplishing that which it aims for its members. We have attempted, as a society, to acquaint ourselves with the lives and works of some writers of literary excellence,—our study of Robert Louis Stevenson and Eugene Field was especially enjoyable; and to keep in touch with matters of current interest, in which connection we have debated the questions of Compulsory Education Laws, and Equal Suffrage for women in Virginia; while we propose to study, during the remaining term some women of achievement, such as Miss Mabel Boardman and Frances Willard. We have been benefited not only through the knowledge gained of the subjects themselves, but the society has afforded to every member the added opportunities of experience in public speaking; practice in parliamentary procedure; and intimate association with fellow-members.

MEMBERS

MATTIE MAE ATKINSON
CALPURNIA ANNA BAILEY
ABBIE BALLARD
FRANCES JOSEPHINE BASS
GRACE FRANKLIN BEAZLEY
LUCILLE HOOE BOGGS
ELIZABETH VIRGINIA BOXLEY
IONE MARGARET BOXLEY
MILDRED LOUISE BROWN
SARA ELIZABETH BRUCE
GENEVIEVE CONTESSE BURKE
MARY ELLEN BURKE
HESTER LUCILLE BURTON
HERMINE VIRGINIA COGHILL
LUCY GOULDING CONWAY
MARIA LOUISE COSBY
MARGARET VIRGINIA DIX
NATALIE ELMYRA DUDLEY

LUCY LIPSCOMB DUVAL
LEAM B. SNOW FLIPPIN
HELEN PALMER FREEMAN
RAE DAKIN FURNAS
LUCY LEE GARTH
MABLE LEWIS GLENN
HANNAH ELIZABETH HARGEST
JESSE ELIZABETH HARRIS
NANCY CARR HARRISON
VIRGINIA ELIZABETH HAYNIE
MAE MASON HUNDLEY
MARJORIE LEIGH HOLLEMAN
EMILY MASON JAMES
MARIE LELIA JAMES
MARY SPENCER LEITCH
LENORA LENA MATTHEWS
VIOLA VIRGINIA MATTHEWS
EUGENIA CONSTANCE MILLNER

MAYBLE ADA NASH
BERTHA ALLOA NASH
RUTH OLIVER
MIRIAM HANSFORD PERRIN
KATE MITCHELL RENFRO
CLARA COLLINS RICHARDS
MARY MINOR RICHARDSON
THELMA ESTELLE ROBERTSON
CORRINNE LUCILLE ROGERS
GERTRUDE PATTERSON SAUNDERS
LOIS MARIE SHUMAN
ELIZABETH JEANETTE SMITH
INA FRANCES TAYLOR
MARGARET RANDOLPH TAYLOR
MABEL MURRAY WALKER
GERTRUDE WILLIAMSON WHITE
MARGARET IRVINE WHITE
LUCY VIRGINIA WILKINS

The Tattler

THE STAFF

MARGARET IRVINE WHITE, Chief Tattler
LUCY LIPSCOMB DUVAL, Her Worthy Assistant.
EUGENIA CONSTANCE MILLNER, Carrier of the "Bag."

MARJORIE LEIGH HOLLEMAN, Stringholder of the Bag.
LUCILLE HOOE BOGGS, Funny Tale Getter
FRANCES JOSEPHINE BASS, Current News

The Tattler

Upon our library shelves you'll find
Much literature to impress your mind.
For the frivolous ones there is reading light—
Stories which are "out of sight,"
Reference books which will make you sigh,
Magazines and newspapers piled sky high;
But different from all of these, 'tis true,

Is the new publication we bring to you.
"The Tattler" will tell you many tales
Of your brilliant remarks and your bitter wails,
Of your humdrum life on the dear old Hill,
Of the good times, too, which your moments fill.
So, hear the telltale Tattler's tale,
And give your attention without fail,

"While the Tattler tells its telltale tale."

THE BATTLEFIELD

Editorial

We, the Editorial Staff of the newest and most popular publication of this sociological era, "The Tattler," do hereby endeavor to present to you a paper which will aid you in becoming more efficient citizens of this democracy and better students of the State Normal School of Fredericksburg, Virginia. We hope your literary taste will be broadened, and your aesthetic appreciation increased, by the perusal of these valuable papers. In conclusion, we humbly beg your leniency toward all tales "The Tattler" may tell, which are new and not brilliant, or brilliant and not new.

Jokes

Wanted: By the editors, an inspiration.

Miss B.—Edna, what gender is *amor*, *amoris*?
(the noun for love).

Edna: It is both masculine and feminine.

The Theorem: If I love you, you love me.

Given: I love you.

To prove: You love me.

Proof: I love you.

Therefore I'm a lover.

All the world loves a lover,

You are all the world to me.

Therefore: You love me.

Q. E. D.

A Box of Monkeys

 The first open meeting of the Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, which was held on Saturday, November 13, 1915, a delightful surprise was in store for both societies. Instead of the usual program, "A Box of Monkeys,"—a farce in two acts, was given.

The plot of the play is woven around the love affair of Sierra, a "prairie rose," whose fashionable aunt, Mrs. Ondego-Jones, is endeavoring to introduce into Eastern Society Sierra's lover, Ted, of whom Mrs. Ondego-Jones disapproves on account of his supposed poverty, in attempting a clandestine meeting with Sierra, is discovered, and forced to pose as the new butler. When, however, it is discovered that he is the owner of a large and profitable mine, Mrs. Ondego-Jones's objections are overruled and Ted is welcomed into her family.

The amateur actors crowned themselves with glory, and for fun and entertainment given were in every way deserving of their title.

When the Board Inspects

There is a day in every year,
A day of cleaning and good cheer,
When every room is just as clean
As anything you've ever seen.
The Board comes here and spends the day
To inspect the place without delay.
The week before the Board is due
The maids, in number not a few,

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****

When the Board Inspects

Scour and scrub and sweep the halls,
And brush the cobwebs off the walls,
While in the kitchen everyone
Hurries to get the cleaning done.
'The stoves are polished with great care,
And order rules in all things there.
The girls are busy in each room
With dusting cloths, as well as broom,
And in each closet, shoes and clothes,
Are all arranged in neatest rows.
And there is planned a dinner fine
Upon which the Board shall dine:
Turkey, celery, and such foods
Shall put them in the best of moods.
In Russell Hall a change is seen,
From the Janitor to the Dean;
And all the rooms are bright as pins
Before inspection time begins.
And when at last dawns this great day
All signs of dust are far away,
For dust and dirt we can't afford
When visited by our friends, the Board.

"A Midsummer-Nights Dream"

We've saved our money all the year,
Until this month of May,
Refusing ice-cream cones, for fear
We could not see the play.

We doted on the outdoor stage—
The setting was ideal—
For outdoor plays are all the rage.
Oh, joyous did we feel!

But when the great day came at last
We soon did anxious grow,
The sky was clouding over fast;
The wind began to blow.

At two o'clock the players came—
The Ben Greet Company—
The players of such world-wide fame,
Whom we did long to see.

But with the players came the rain;
It poured in torrents down,
For clearing signs we looked in vain,
The sky was all afrown.

To Russell Hall the people ran,
In groups both large and small.
"Come, help me, men, as best you can!"
Was Mr. Chesley's call.

The plays were fine, the players, too,
"San Tony" was the star,
The fairies were surprised by few,
The lion's roar echoed far.

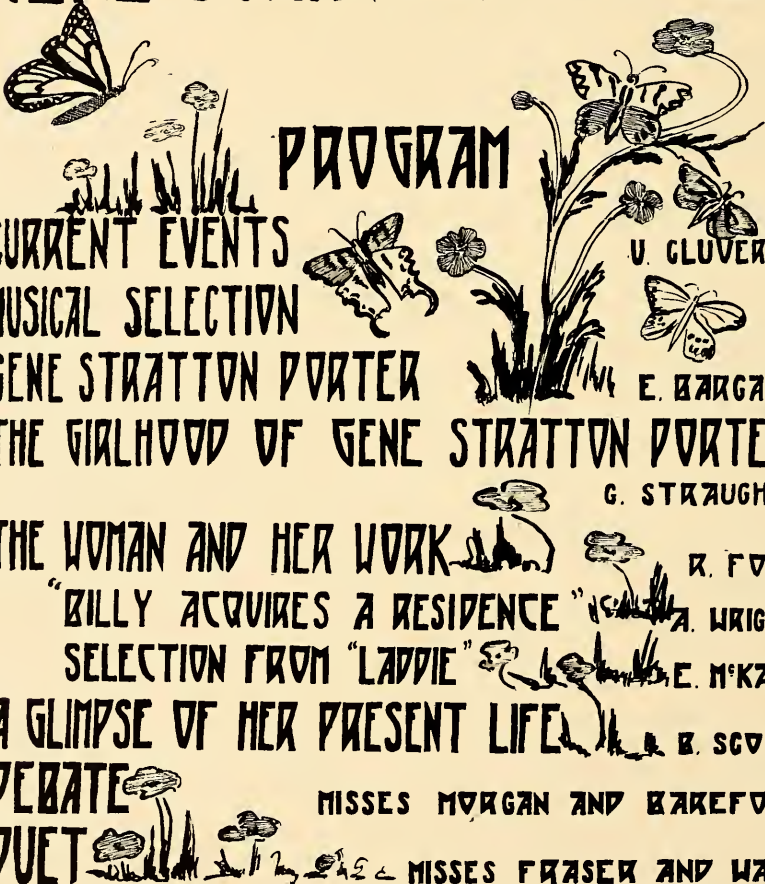
And when the curtain fell at last,
We all felt well content,
The play had all too quickly past,
And each was glad she went.

Next year our dimes we'll save again,
And keep it up 'till May.
And let us hope there won't be rain
To spoil the Ben Greet play.

RUSSELL LITERARY SOCIETY

NOVEMBER 20 1915

GENE STRATTON PORTER



PROGRAM

CURRENT EVENTS
MUSICAL SELECTION
GENE STRATTON PORTER
THE GIRLHOOD OF GENE STRATTON PORTER
THE WOMAN AND HER WORK
"BILLY ACQUIRES A RESIDENCE"
SELECTION FROM "LADDIE"
A GLIMPSE OF HER PRESENT LIFE
DEBATE
DUET

U. GLUVERIUS
E. BARGAMIN
G. STRAUGHAN
R. FORD
A. WRIGHT
E. McKANN
B. SCOTT
MISSES MORGAN AND BAREFORD
MISSES FRASER AND WARD

THE BATTLEFIELD

Russell Literary Society



THE Russell Literary Society is four years old, having been organized the second year of school, and named for the esteemed President of our school. The Society now has a membership of about fifty-five. It holds its regular meetings once every week.

The course of study taken up this year included the two subjects, "Famous and Successful Women" and "Southern Statesmen and the Customs of Their Times." In pursuing the subject of "Famous and Successful Women" the Society has enjoyed very interesting discussions of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Victoria, Madame de Maintenou, and Josephine, under the head of political women; and the life, letters and readings from the works of Louise M. Alcott, Alice Hegan Rice, Gene Stratton-Porter, Frances Hodgson Burnett and Kate Douglas Wiggin as literary women; as professional women we studied the careers of Lady Duff-Gordon, Maude Adams and Geraldine Farrar; and Helen Kellar, Ella Flagg Young and Jane Addams as successful women. An especially fine programme was rendered in the study of Geraldine Farrar, the chief features of which were lantern slides showing her at different stages of her life and in her different roles.

and numerous victrola selections by Farrar in roles from several operas. Another programme of note was one on Social Settlement Work, including excellent papers on its organization, on tenement house improvements, on the George Junior Republic, and on Jane Addams, of Hull House fame, as a leader in settlement work.

During the remainder of the term the Society made a thorough study of Parliamentary Law, and pursued the other subject, "Southern Statesmen and the Customs of Their Times."

The first open meeting of the Society was held November 25, 1915, when a very interesting and successful programme on Gene Stratton-Porter, better known as The Bird Woman, was rendered. At the second open meeting, held March 17, 1916, the Society invited Mrs. Kate Langley Boshier, the celebrated Virginia novelist and short-story writer, who appeared in Russell Hall before a large and enthusiastically appreciative audience, giving an interpretative reading of two of her most recent literary productions. The first was "Horatius" and the second "Household Management." These stories, charming within themselves, were doubly so as the author read them. Mrs. Boshier's gentleness and perfect naturalness were truly refreshing. Her broad catholic spirit and her wonderful insight into both nature and human nature were easily revealed, both by the stories themselves and the charming manner in which they were rendered. After the readings, the Society entertained their distinguished guest in the Household Arts dining room. Here the faculty also gathered and spent with Mrs. Boshier and the members of the Society a most delightful social hour. Altogether, this evening was unanimously voted one of the very happiest and best of the year.



Russell Literary Society

FLOWER:
Forget-Me-Not

MOTTO:
Cogito Ergo Sum

COLORS:
Baby Blue and Gold

Officers—First Term

CHARLOTTE ELEANOR LAWRENCE
President

GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN
Vice-President

MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
Secretary

FANNIE MAY MORGAN
Treasurer

EDWIN F. SHEWMAKE, JR.
Critic

BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT

MARIE OLGA WARD
Executive Committee

NANCY BUCKNOR EUBANK

Officers—Second Term

JESSIE MURRAY HAMMERLY
President

RUTH IVANHOE FORD
Vice-President

RACHEL SCHARBOROUGH MESSICK
Secretary

NORA LEE SYDNOR
Treasurer

EDWIN F. SHEWMAKE, JR.
Critic

ULA HURST CLUVERIUS

MARIE OLGA WARD
Executive Committee

FRANCES VIRGINIA PHIPPINS

Officers—Third Term

BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT
President

LAURA MASON WRIGHT
Vice-President

NANCY BUCKNOR EUBANK
Secretary

GENEVIEVE JENKINS
Treasurer

ALMA MYRTIS BAREFORD

ULA HURST CLUVERIUS
Executive Committee

GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN

*** THE BATTLEFIELD ***



The First Honorary Member

EDWARD HUTSON RUSSELL

Honorary Members

EDWARD HUTSON RUSSELL
A. B. CHANDLER, JR.
DORA J. DADMUN
MARGARET E. FRASER

OLIVE MAY HINMAN
VIRGINIA E. STONE
CHARLOTTE PEOPLES
EDWIN F. SHEWMAKE, JR.

Faculty Advisory Committee

OLIVE MAY HINMAN
MARGARET E. FRASER
EDWIN F. SHEWMAKE, JR.

Members

ELMA MYRTIS BAREFORD
DAISY EMMA BARGAMIN
EFFIE GRAHAM BERRY
MABEL PAULINE BROWN
ILA LYNWOOD BROOKS
BESSIE BELLE BROACHE
MARY VIRGINIA BUNDICK
MARIA ELIZABETH BREWINGTON
ULA HURST CLUVERIUS
ESTHER MAUD CLARKSON
MARION LEMMIE CLARKSON
HULDAH ADA CLARK
MARTHA LOUISE CAMPBELL
GEORGIA COCKERILLE
MARY BALL CONNELLEE
NANCY BUCKNER EUBANK
MINNIE JANETTE EVANS

RUTH IVANHOE FORD
VIRGINIA TOWLES GORDON
NANNIE GOODMAN
JESSIE MURRAY HAMMERLEY
MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
ELIZABETH CARTER HAILE
ELIZA ANNE HARRIS
LENA ESTELLE HICKS
ANNE MACGREGOR JAMES
GENEVIEVE JENKINS
CHARLOTTE ELEANOR LAWRENCE
MABEL JEANNETTE LOKEY
CARRIE BAYLOR MAHON
RACHEL SCHARBOROUGH MESSICK
JULIA DOSWELL MILLS
ELSIE WARNER MCKANN
GRACE CROZER MASON
FANNIE MAY MORGAN

TABITHA GLADYS PARKER
BRANCIS VIRGINIA PHIPPINS
ADA PEARL POWELL
MABEL LUCILLE PUTNEY
MAIMEE PHILLIPS
MARY EMARD QUINN
LUCY LITCHFIELD SEARS
BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT
IMOGEN SLAUGHTER
GARLAND STONEHAM
LUCY BLANCHE STONEHAM
GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN
NORA LEE SYDNOR
HELEN BOULDEN TOWLES
MARIE OLGA WARD
LAURA MASON WRIGHT
JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****

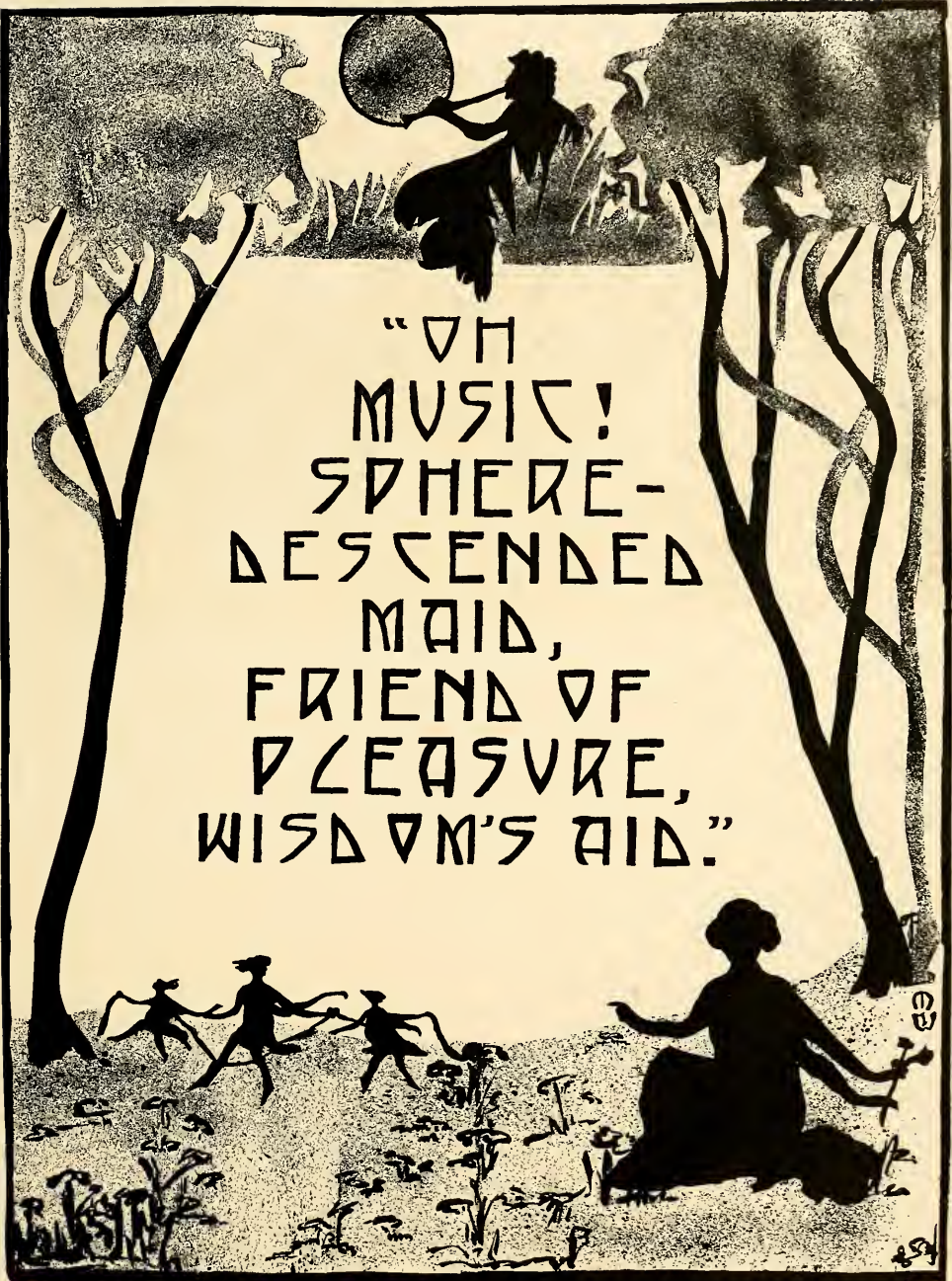


The Handicrafters

"The life so short, the craft so long to lerne."

MURIEL DOROTHEA BARBER, M. A.
 MAMIE LOUISE BISCOE, H. A.
 EFFIE GRAHAM BERRY, H. A.
 WINNIE ESTELLE COLVIN, M. A.
 CARRIE GOODWIN FLIPPO, H. A.
 LEAM B. SNOW FLIPPIN, H. A.
 RAE DAKIN FURNAS, H. A.
 MARY REBECCA HARWOOD, H. A.
 ELIZABETH WRIGHT HAILE, H. A.
 ANNE MACGREGOR JAMES, H. A.
 OLIVE MAY HINMAN, M. A.

RUTH GERTRUDE KING, H. A.
 MARY BEVERLY RICE, H. A.
 KATE MITCHELL RENFRO, H. A.
 JOSEPHINE CHRISTIE SHIELDS, H. A.
 BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT, M. A.
 GERTRUDE P. SAUNDERS, H. A.
 ALICE ESTELLE STEARNS, H. A.
 MARGARET IRVINE WHITE, H. A.
 MILDRED HASTINGS MERRILL, H. A.
 VIRGINIA E. STONE
 VIRGINIA MAE GOOLRICK, I. H.



"OH
MUSIC!
SPHERE-
DESCENDED
MAID,
FRIEND OF
PLEASURE,
WISDOM'S AID."



The Glee Club

MARGARET ELIZABETH FRASER
Director

LEAM BEATRICE FLIPPIN
President

MIRIAM HANSFORD PERRIN
Secretary

MARGARET IRVINE WHITE
Vice-President

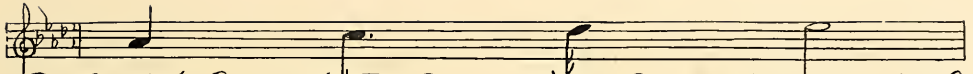
MAYBLE ADA NASH
Treasurer

Members

LUCILE HOOE BOGGS
MARIA ELIZABETH BREWINGTON
ILA LYNWOOD BROOKS
MARGUERITE ELIZABETH CLARK
ULA HURST CLUVERIUS
ROBERTA WILLIAMS CRALLE
ELSIE YALE DUNCAN
IDA FRANCES FELTON
LEAM BEATRICE FLIPPIN
RUTH IVANHOE FORD
HELEN PALMER FREEMAN
THELMA FRAZER
JESSIE ELIZABETH HARRIS
ANNA BOWNE HARRELL
NANCY CARR HARRISON

MARJORIE LEIGH HOLLEMAN
RENA DEWEY JACOBS
ANNE MACGREGOR JAMES
REBECCA TYSON JANNEY
RUTH ELLEN JOHNSON
MARY TYROLD KIDD
CHARLOTTE ELEANOR LAWRENCE
MARY SPENCER LEITCH
RACHEL SCHARBOROUGH MESSICK
EUGENIA CONSTANCE MILLNER
MAYBLE ADA NASH
BERTHA ALLOA NASH
RUTH ANNE NORTHEN
MIRIAM HANSFORD PERRIN
HELEN HARRINGTON RAINS
BLANCHE WESTER ROBERTS

LILLIE FRENCH ROBERTS
MABEL GLANVILLE REAMY
JOSEPHINE CHRISTIE SHIELDS
IMOGEN SLAUGHTER
MILDRED GARLAND STONEHAM
EVA MAE STROTHER
MARGARET RANDOLPH TAYLOR
AMY ESTHER VANDEGRIFT
MARIE OLGA WARD
MARGARET IRVINE WHITE
GERTRUDE WILLIAMSON WHITE
JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT
LAURA MASON WRIGHT
LILLIAN GEORGE WRIGHT
MARY LOUISE YATES



GONE ARE THE DAYS

WHEN the Glee Club was organized in 1911, under the direction of Miss Bernice White, head of the Department of Music, the first public entertainment, "An Evening With the Masters of Music and Painting," was given in the spring of 1912, in connection with the Manual Arts Department.

The next year, Miss Margaret Elizabeth Fraser, as head of the Department of Music, became the director. That year, three public entertainments were given in connection with the Piano Class. A cantata, "The Garden of Flowers," was given early in the spring of 1913. The Open Air Concert was quite a delightful feature of the commencement.

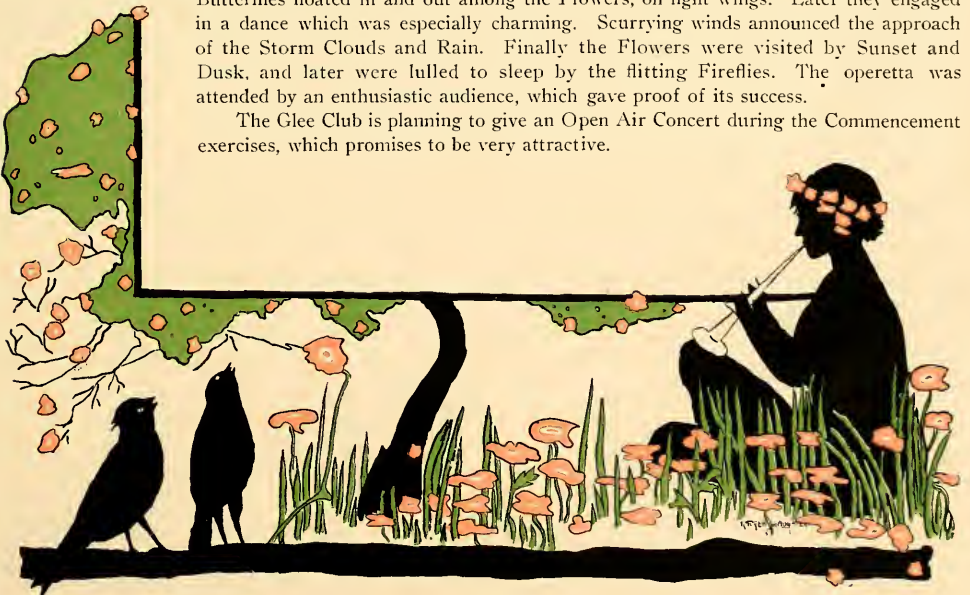
On April 24, 1914, "The American Girl," a charming operetta, was presented by the Glee Club. The Club also supplied music on different occasions, among them the Open Air Concert.

When the First District Teachers' Meeting was held at the Fredericksburg Normal School, the Glee Club furnished selections which added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. An enjoyable concert was given on April 16, 1915, by the Club and assisting soloists. The Club figured largely at the Open Air Concert and at the baccalaureate sermon. It also assisted with the commencement music at the May festival.

The social side of the Glee Club has not been neglected. The members were entertained delightfully at the home of Miss Fraser, and at Christmas the Richmond College Glee Club was entertained by our Club.

A delightful cantata entitled "In a Flower Garden" was given on the evening of April 21, 1916. Here was represented one day in the life of the Flowers of the Garden. Attired in appropriate costumes, lovely Butterflies floated in and out among the Flowers, on light wings. Later they engaged in a dance which was especially charming. Scurrying winds announced the approach of the Storm Clouds and Rain. Finally the Flowers were visited by Sunset and Dusk, and later were lulled to sleep by the flitting Fireflies. The operetta was attended by an enthusiastic audience, which gave proof of its success.

The Glee Club is planning to give an Open Air Concert during the Commencement exercises, which promises to be very attractive.



***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



Piano Class

NORA CHURCHILL WILLIS

Instructor

MEMBERS

MATTIE MAE ATKINSON
 RUBY LEE BEAZLEY
 BETSY BISCOE
 DELMA COSETTE CALLIS
 GENEVIEVE CHIDESTER
 MARIAN LEMMIE CLARKSON
 GAYNELLE BROOK DILLEHAY
 BESSIE LEROY FRANKLIN
 THELMA HARRIS FRAZER
 ANNE BROOKE GIBSON
 CLAIRE WILLIAMS GRAVES
 ELIZABETH C. W. HAILE
 ANNE ELIZA HARRIS

CAROLINE WILHEMINA HESS
 REBECCA TYSON JANNEY
 LOUISE CARLETON LUCK
 ANNE E. STRIBLING MONCURE
 BRANCIS VIRGINIA PHIPPINS
 HORTENSE AUGUSTA PARKER
 TABITHA GLADYS PARKER
 MARTHA ROSALIE POINDEXTER
 EVA MAY STROTHER
 LOUISE CURTIS SMITH
 LUCILLE ROSALIE WOODY
 MARGARET WILLIAMS
 MARY LOUISE YATES



The Nightingales

AIM: To outsing the Glee Club.

We believe that nothing is easier to gain than a reputation for singing, provided one screams loud enough.

We believe that life may be made "one grand sweet song" to a few; but the majority trip along to music written to ragtime.

We believe that to be a member of the Glee Club is fortunate, but to be a nightingale is to achieve distinction.

We believe in this advice to all newcomers: Don't rush madly into the Glee Club. Those who do are mad to rush out.

L. L. DUVAL, Chief Warbler
F. J. BASS, Trill Specialist
D. E. BARGAMIN, The Minor Chord
S. E. BRUCE, Bell a Donna
M. L. BROWN, Grafanola No. I
G. C. BURKE, Grafanola No. II
G. B. DILLEHAY, Bass Tinker
B. L. FRANKLIN, Sky Screecher

M. A. FRAZER, Ragtime Soloist
R. D. FURNAS, Blithe Herald of
the Dawn
M. L. GLENN, Loser of the Pitch
M. R. HARWOOD, Down in the Cellar
E. M. JAMES, Chief Pacifier
L. L. MICHIE, Midnight Thunderer
K. M. RENFRO, High Note Romper

S. C. RICE	} Echoes from the Deep
M. H. RICHWINE	
G. P. SAUNDERS, Greatest Long Distance Range	
L. L. SEARS, Ding-dong Bell	
M. T. TURNER, Love Song Specialist	

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



"The Better To Sew My Bear" Club

Mascot: "Done Et," of Virginia Hall.

By-Law: Miss Hinman shall serve fudge or hot chocolate with marshmallows in it, every time we meet in her room, under penalty of twenty-five cents fine.

Codicil: 1. Every member shall entertain the club at least once during the session.

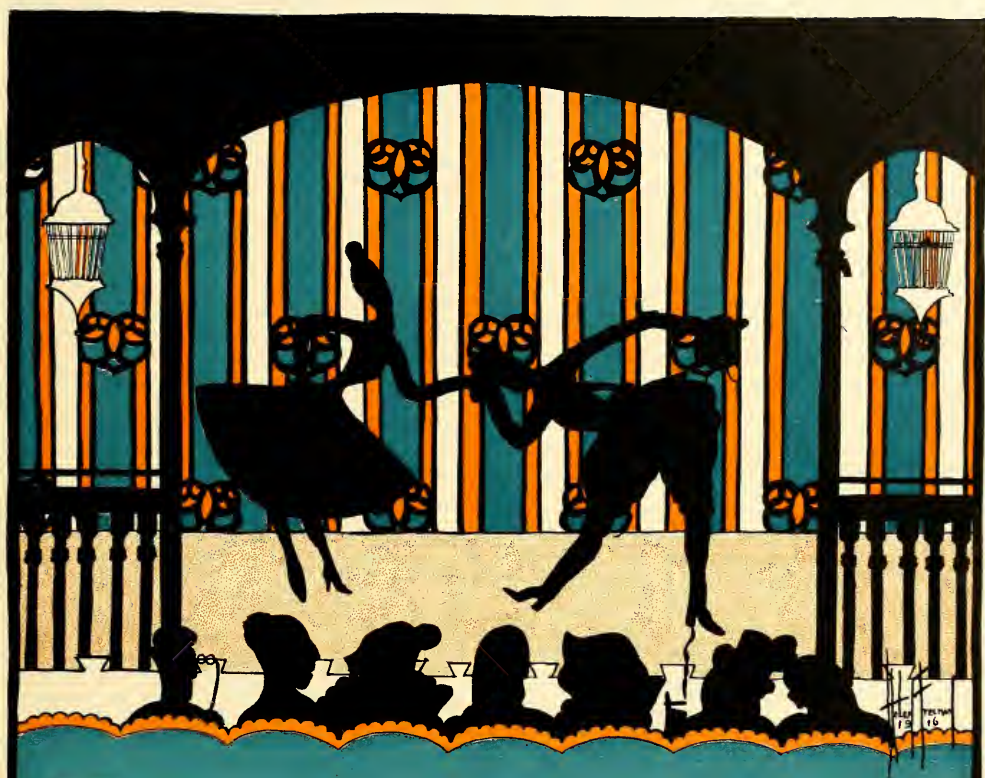
2. We will meet once a week, on Saturday afternoon, and so and so and so.

MEMBERS

LUCILLE HOOE BOGGS
LEAM B. SNOW FLIPPIN
MARGARET ELIZABETH FRASER
JESSIE ELIZABETH HARRIS
REBECCA TYSON JANNEY
RUTH GERTRUDE KING

LILLIE LEE MICKIE
KATE MITCHELL RENFRO
LILLIE FRENCH ROBERTS
GERTRUDE PATTERSON SAUNDERS
JOSEPHINE CHRISTIE SHIELDS
JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT

Thirteenth Member
OLIVE MAY HINMAN



Plays in themselves have
neither hopes nor fears:
Their fate is only in their
hearers ears. Ben Jonson.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****

The Dramatic Club



OFFICERS

MARY THELMA TURNER
President

JOSEPHINE CHRISTIE SHIELDS
Vice-President

MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
Secretary

MAYBLE ADA NASH
Treasurer

LEAM B. SNOW FLIPPIN
Stage Director

GERTRUDE PATTERSON SAUNDERS
Stage Director

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

OLIVE MAY HINMAN
MARGARET E. FRASER

VIRGINIA MAY GOOLRICK
SARAH ROSSETTER MARSHALL

MEMBERS

ALMA MYRTIS BAREFORD
FRANCES JOSEPHINE BASS
LUCILLE HOOE BOGGS
SARA ELIZABETH BRUCE
ULA HURST CLUVERIUS
LUCY GOULDING CONWAY
ROBERTA WILLIAMS CRALLE
NANCY BUCKNER EUBANK
BESSIE LEROY FRANKLIN
HELEN PALMER FREEMAN
MARGARET LOUISE HAISLIP
MAE MASON HUNDLEY
RUTH ELLEN JOHNSON
DOROTHY KNOWLES JONES

MARY SPENCER LEITCH
GRACE CROZER MASON
FANNIE MAE MORGAN
RACHEL SCHARBOROUGH MESSICK
BERTHA ALLOA NASH
MAYBLE LUCILLE PUTNEY
BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT
LUCY LITCHFIELD SEARS
MARGARET RANDOLPH TAYLOR
MINNIE LUTTRELL TRAVIS
MARIE OLGA WARD
GERTRUDE WILLIAMSON WHITE
MARGARET AUGUSTA WILLIAMS
LILLIAN GEORGE WRIGHT

MARY LOUISE YATES

 SINCE its organization, the Dramatic Club has presented, on an average, two plays a year. The proceeds have usually been given to the Decorative Committee to be used in decorating the School. Last year, one-third of the proceeds was sent to the Belgians. The aim of the Club is to study as well as present plays. We have joined the Drama League of America, from which we hope to gain beneficial results.



MOTHER GOOSE CLUB

MOTTO: "NEEDLES + PINS, NEEDLES + PINS, WHEN A MAN
MARRIES HIS TROUBLE BEGINS."

COLORS: LIGHT BLUE + WHITE
MASCOT: LITTLE BOY BLUE



***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



MOTHER GOOSE

OLIVE MAY HINMAN

GEESE

Little Miss Muffet.....LUCILLE HOOE BOGGS
 Old King Cole.....LEAM B. SNOW FLIPPIN
 Little Bo-Peep.....LILLIE LEE MICHIIE
 Ugly Duckling.....FANNIE MAY MORGAN
 Bessie Brooks.....MIRIAM DANSFORD PERRIN
 Parson Darby.....HELEN HARRINGTON RAINS
 TOMMY SNOOKS.....KATE MITCHELL RENFRO
 Daffy Down Dilly..GERTRUDE PATTERSON SAUNDERS
 Tweedle Dum.....BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT
 Old Mother Hubbard..GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN
 Baby Bunting.....NORA LEE SYDNOR

GOSGLINGS

Jack II.....DAISY EMMA BARGAMIN
 Simple Simon II.....LYDIA MONROE ELLIS
 Cross Patch II.....MILDRED IMOCEN ELLIS
 Little Jack Horner II....BESSIE LEROY FRANKLIN
 Teeny Tiny II.....BESSIE ELIZABETH HARRIS
 Punch III.....ANN MACGREGOR JAMES
 Jill II.....DOROTHY KNOWLES JONES
 Humpty Dumpty II.....G. CONSTANCE MILLNER
 Marjorie Daw II.....MARY THELMA TURNER
 Judy II.....JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT

CONSTITUTION

For every end under the sun
 There is a remedy or there is none.
 If there be one, try and find it;
 If there be none never mind it.

First Swim: February 14, 1913
 Second Swim: February 14, 1914

Third Swim: February 14, 1915
 Fourth Swim: February 14, 1916



The Nameless Nymphs

JOSEPHINE CHRISTIE SHIELDS
President

GERTRUDE PATTERSON SAUNDERS
Secretary-Treasurer

MARY THELMA TURNER
Leader

SARAH R. MARSHALL
Honorary Member

MEMBERS

LUCILLE HOOF BOGGS
LEMIRA DOUGLAS CARTER
LYDA MONROE ELLIS
LEAM B. SNOW FLIPPIN
RUTH IVANHOE FORD
MATTIE ANDERSON FRAZER
THELMA HARRIS FRAZER
CLAIRE WILLIAMS GRAVES

JESSIE ELIZABETH HARRIS
MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
MARGARET BYRON HAWKINS
MARJORIE LEIGH HOLLEMAN
ANNE MACGREGOR JAMES
MAYBLE ADA NASH
DOROTHY KNOWLES JONES
KATE MITCHELL RENFRO
GERTRUDE PATTERSON SAUNDERS

BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT
JOSEPHINE CHRISTIE SHIELDS
MARGARET RANDOLPH TAYLOR
MARY THELMA TURNER
MARIE OLGA WARD
JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT
LAURA MASON WRIGHT
LILLIAN GEORGE WRIGHT

 HE gatherings of these mysterious nameless Nymphs do not take place on the rocks of the sea, as perhaps, you are wont to think, but they have proved to be among the most enjoyable features of our school life. Quite often, a Nymph hears in the distance not the strains of a lyre, but those of a piano, and she hastens to answer the call to "come and trip it as you go, on the light fantastic toe."



FLOWER:

Sweet Pea

COLORS:

Lavender and White

OFFICERS

President . . . BERTHA W. SCOTT

Vice-President . . MARIE OLGA WARD

Secretary-Treasurer . . JUDITH A. WRIGHT

MEMBERS

RUTH IVANHOE FORD BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT

ANNE MCGREGOR JAMES LUCY LITCHFIELD SEARS

EMILY MASON JAMES MARIE OLGA WARD

JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



The Lancaster Club

AIM:
"To Catch The Boat."

SONG:
"When the Violets Bloom in Lancaster, by the Old Mill Stream."

FLOWER:
Violet

COLORS:
Violet and Green

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****

OFFICERS

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH HAYNIE
President

LUCY BLANCHE STONEHAM
Vice-President

RACHEL SCHARBOROUGH MESSICK
Secretary

MABEL LEWIS GLENN
Treasurer

GUNYON MITCHELL HARRISON
Honorary Member

MEMBERS

MARIA ELIZABETH BREWINGTON

MARY BALL CONNELLEE

MARGARET VIRGINIA DIX

MABEL LEWIS GLENN

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH HAYNIE

ANNE MACGREGOR JAMES

GENEVIEVE JENKINS

MABEL JANETTE LOKEY

RACHEL SCHARBOROUGH MESSICK

CORRINNE LUCILLE ROGERS

LUCY BLANCHE STONEHAM

MILDRED GARLAND STONEHAM

HELEN BOULDEN TOWLES



***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



The Hanover Club



MOTTO:

"Live together, work together,
But do this work we must.
Hanover County is the county
In which we all trust."

COLORS:

Brown and Gold

FLOWER:

Brown-eyed Susan

OFFICERS

MAYBLE ADA NASH
President

LILLIAN GEORGE WRIGHT
Vice-President

MIRIAM HANSFORD PERRIN
Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

GRACE FRANKLIN BEAZLEY
CARRIE CARLTON FOX
ILUS MORTON HUTCHESON
RENA DEWEY JACOBS
JULIA DOSWELL MILLS

MAYBLE ADA NASH
BERTHA ALLOA NASH
MIRIAM HANSFORD PERRIN
ELMYRA LUCINDA SNEAD
LILLIAN GEORGE WRIGHT

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****



The Hikers

MOTTO:
Stop Not Till Thou Hast Topped
The Hill

COLORS:
Anything That's Becoming

OFFICERS

MARY BEVERLEY RICE
Chief Hiker

ANNA JANE LEWIS
Scribbling

MAE MASON HUNDLEY
Financial Hiker

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS BLACK

MISS WILLIS

MISS YATES

MEMBERS

MURIEL DOROTHEA BARBER
MAMIE LOUISE BISCOE
ELSIE LELAND BROADDUS
ELIZABETH CHAUNCY CARTER
MARY WALLACE CHICHESTER
MARGUERITE ELIZABETH CLARK
WINNIE ESTELLE COLVIN
ANNE LEE CUNNINGHAM

MYRTLE ESTHER DAFFAN
CARRIE GOODWIN FLIPPO
CLAIRE WILLIAMS GRAVES
ANNA BOURNE HARRELL
MARGARET BYRON HAWKINS
VIRGINIA ELIZABETH HAYNIE
MAE MASON HUNDLEY
RUTH ELLEN JOHNSON

ANNA JANE LEWIS
ELIZABETH MERIWETHER
EDNA WATKINS MORTON
MARY BEVERLEY RICE
ALICE ESTELLE STEARNS
LILLIAN LEE TEMPLEMAN
MARGARET AUGUSTA WILLIAMS
MARY LOUISE YATES

THE BATTLEFIELD

One Winter's Day

Across the fields the fleecy snowflakes came.
The merry children hailed them with delight;
Thought of their sleds and ran to bring the same.
They coasted long that bright and starry night.
The hilltop was a merry, gorgeous sight,
And older people shouted with great glee.
They skated o'er the lake in the moonlight
Because the ice was firm as firm could be.
Far distant sleighbells tinkled merrily.
A gray-haired man looked on the drifting snow,
And thoughts came floating to him cheerily
Of happy boyhood days of long ago—
And thus the winter's day came to its close;
Both to the young and old, it brought repose.

LELIA MARIE JAMES.

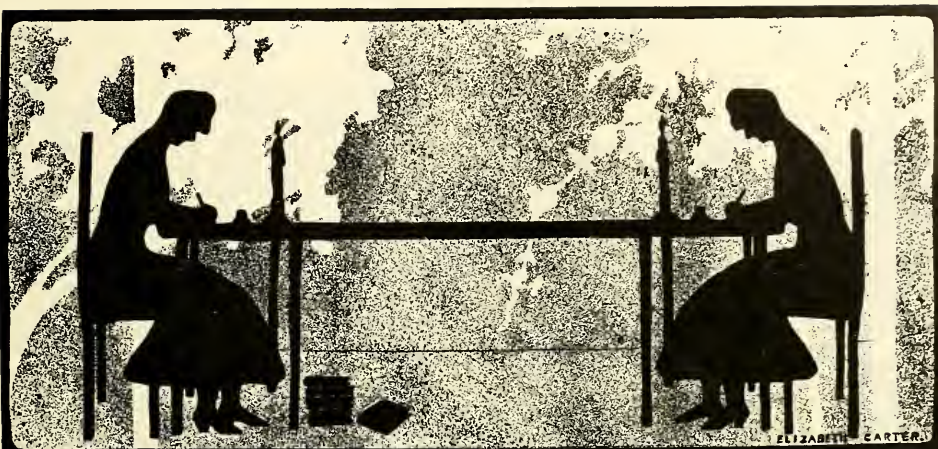
The Spirit of Old Marge

O'er the Heights of Old Marye,
At the Rappahannock's head,
Hover the spirit of General Lee
And the spirits of those he led.

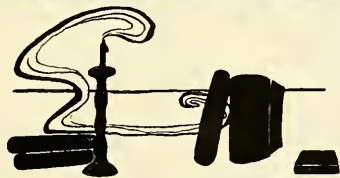
They have watched the South as it forward sped;
They have seen how the nation has made great
gain;
And over the fields, where once lay their dead,
Now wave the heads of the golden grain.

And now the South on its forward rush
Will ne'er forget its leader dear,
And o'er the hills there will come a hush
As it thinks of the spirits that hover near.

HANNAH ELIZABETH HARGEST.



“UP, UP, MY FRIEND



AND QUIT YOUR BOOKS



OR SURELY YOU’LL GROW DOUBTLE

UP, UP, MY FRIEND



WHY ALL THESE LOOKS



WHY ALL THIS TOIL AND TROUBLE”

THE BATTLEFIELD

Her Prisoner

WELL, children, you know there had been fighting around our old home for some time. But the worst came in December, when the Battle of Fredericksburg was fought. After the battle Burnside and Lee remained encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahannock until spring, and as we were just about a day's journey from Fredericksburg, we were often visited by soldiers, both Northern and Southern, who wanted food and clothing."

"Go on, dear Grandma," I whispered, lest I should break the spell which seemed to have fallen over her and carried her back to the days of '62.

And then she began in a low voice: "It was on a damp, foggy night in January. How well I remember it! He had received bad news from Father, who had been with Jackson. He was lying in a Northern hospital, wounded, and Mother was going to him. I tried to persuade Mother to let me go, but she said that it was best for me to stay: that I should help her most by staying. Even now that night seems as if it were a horrible nightmare. I never knew how I lived through it, and the days that followed. Mother left me in charge of my old Mammy Chloe, who faithfully endeavored to look after me.

"There were scattered about on the place a number of stables and negro cabins. The old cabin where Mammy Chloe lived was nearer the house than the rest, for old Chloe was not able to walk far.

"One day about a week after Mother's departure, I noticed an unusual commotion among the fowls in the barnyard. I thought that very probably a hawk was near and, grabbing up the pistol which my Father had taught me to use, I decided to investigate. Nothing was in sight, however, so I thought that while I was there I would gather the eggs for the night. As I pulled open the door of the chicken house I noticed a dark object in the farther corner. Wondering what it could be, I walked over and looked down into the face of a young man, fast asleep! Imagine my astonishment! At first, in my excitement, I almost thought he was a ghost, so haggard and worn did he look. One arm lay limp by his side in a Union sleeve, covered with blood. I was on the verge of screaming, when the man stirred uneasily and moaned. I knew that he must be cared for and at the same time locked up, for wasn't he on the other side? Then I cried out in a voice that seemed very unlike my own:

"Get up and march out of here!"

"The man moaned again and began muttering to himself.

"Get up at once," I ordered.

"This time he arose and, as if dazed with sleep, stumbled obediently along in front of me, while I followed him, with pistol carefully aimed. I pointed the way to an old loom house, which was no longer in use, and there I stationed my prisoner. Once he was carefully locked up, all my courage left me, and what to do next I did not know. There was no one in whom to confide but the negroes, and they, too, hated a Yankee so bitterly that I knew they would at once turn the man over to our soldiers again. What was I to do?

"Suddenly, as if a 'still, small voice' were speaking in my ears, I heard the words, 'I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.' This man was a Union man, but—there was only one course for me to follow. My duty lay plainly before me.

"But how was I to keep my prisoner concealed and provide for him at the same time? Here was another perplexing question. It was near supper time, so I went to my room and sat down to think. There were two plans present in my mind: one to keep the whole thing a secret, the other to tell old Mammy Chloe, who could be persuaded to see my side of the situation, and let her help me nurse the man back to health. After much consideration, I decided on the latter.

"I called old Mammy Chloe to my room and she readily promised to help me, thinking that the man was a Confederate soldier. We waited until it was dark so that we could visit him unseen. I

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****

Her Prisoner

was armed with the pistol and a lantern, while Chloe had bandages and a basin of water in one hand, and in the other a tray loaded with dainties to tempt a sick man's appetite. Once at the loom house, I cautiously unlocked and opened the door. The man was lying as I had left him, but when we entered he made an effort to rise. I carried the tray to him and the poor man ate as if he had not tasted food for a month. Then Mammy dressed his wounds, while I smiled to myself as I observed the look on her face when she saw the uniform he was wearing. After we had made him comfortable and he in his turn had overwhelmed us with gratitude, we went out, locking the door after us.

"'Lawdy, Missy,' old Chloe exclaimed, 'ain't you skeered o' dat man? He look like a sho-nough Yankee sojer to me!'

"I explained to her that the man was too weak to be able to do us any harm, and, besides, I had locked him safely in. I told her that my plan was to nurse him back to health, to care for him until he was able to travel, when I would allow him to go where he pleased. She declared that when he recovered it was our duty to turn him over to our men again, but I thought differently. The idea had come to me, suppose this were my father, wounded and away from home. Shouldn't I want him to be cared for by someone?

"After two weeks of careful nursing the soldier was able to travel again, so one night Chloe and I went down to the loom house and unbarred the door. Before the soldier left he told us how he had escaped from prison soon after the Battle of Fredericksburg and was trying to join his company when I took him prisoner again.

"About a week or two later Father and Mother came home, though Father was by no means well again.

"'Has the war ended?' I cried when I saw him.

"Father smiled and said, 'No, my child, not yet; but I am able to come home and remain until I am well. The soldier whom you protected gave himself up to our men, hoping that they would exchange us. Of course, there was danger of their refusing him. After many days of anxiety and many preliminaries we were exchanged, and I hope that you, my daughter, feel repaid for all your trouble.'

"Then old Chloe, who had been listening in the doorway, exclaimed, 'Well, he ain't so bad fur a Yankee!'

"Now, children, even if you have not already guessed who my 'prisoner' is, it is useless to tell you, for here he comes now!"

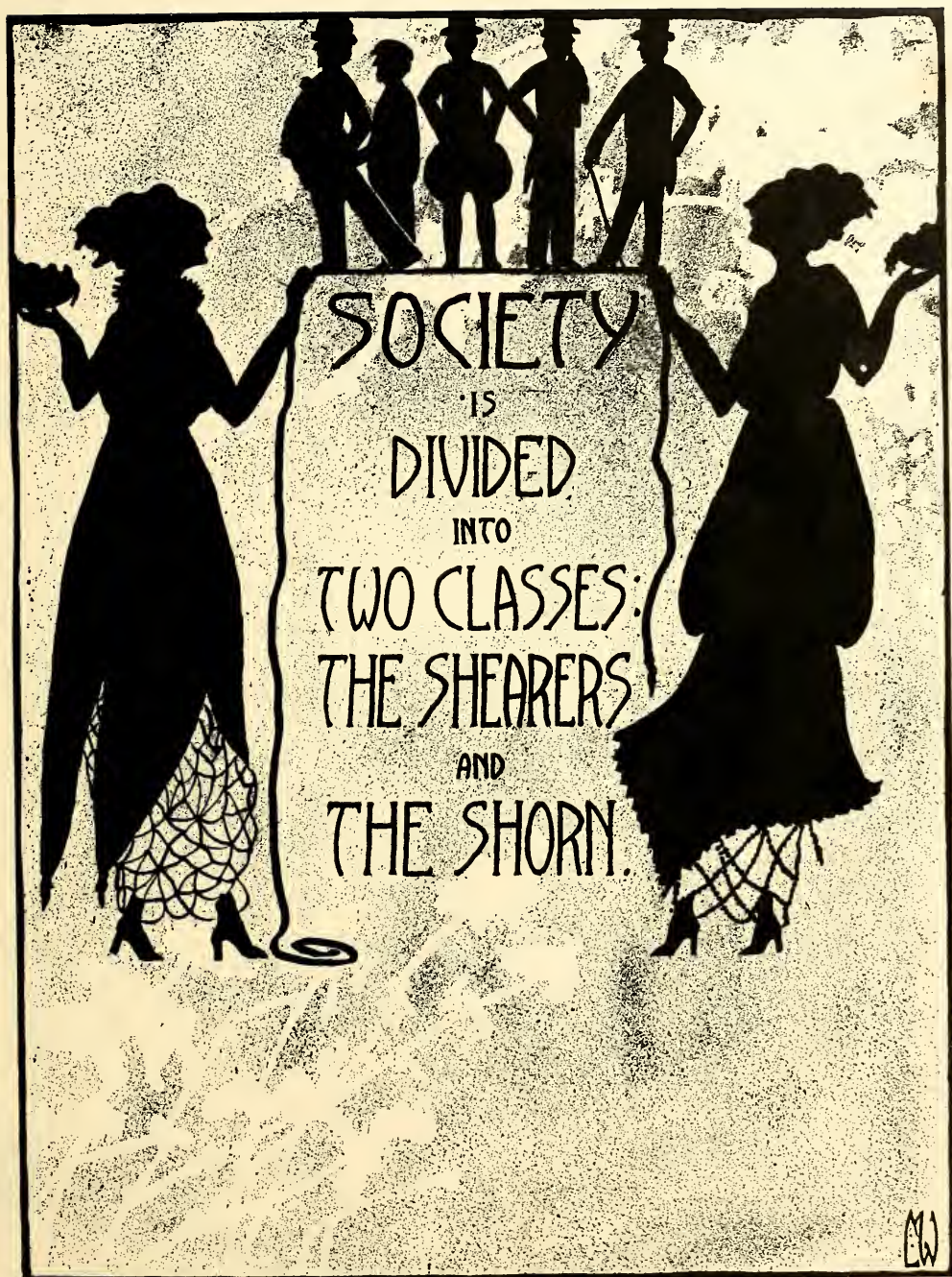
ILLUS MORTON HUTCHESON.

The Jitney Bus

The jitney bus from morn till night
Does travel up and down
The hills of our dear Normal School
To take us all to town.
Its cushioned seats and tight-closed doors
Are all our heart desires:
We never care for rain or snow,
We have no bursting tires.

By eights and tens we roll along
With scarcely jolt or bump,
So fearful is the jitney man
That we'll receive a dump.
And when, at last, our shopping done,
We homeward turn our face,
The jitney man is waiting there
To get us here for "grace."

NANCY CARR HARRISON.



THE BATTLEFIELD

Random Stories of Society Circles

-- -- Revealed in aspects grave and gay -- --

The Junior-Senior Reception

ON March 18, 1915, the Juniors entertained the Seniors and Faculty at their annual reception, held in the auditorium of the school. After receiving mysterious invitations written in Old English style, the Seniors were very much mystified as to the nature of the entertainment. Dressed in their best, they sallied forth, but when they arrived at the door no Juniors were to be seen. Thinking this strange, the guests found seats and began to wonder what would follow.

First was noticed a stir from the dressing rooms. Then, what seemed to be coons of all sizes, classes, stations, denominations and color, filed out; each carrying musical instruments of various styles, from the time of Noah to the present day. This was the Coon Town Orchestra, led by Director Elizabeth Smith. After being seated, they tuned their instruments, and presently music (?) of the wildest, weirdest and most discordant nature burst upon the ears of the astonished guests.

This continued for a while, gradually getting higher and louder (due to the fact that each member was trying his best to out-play the other) and at last, when the climax was reached, the curtain slowly rose, and there, seated on the stage, were the remaining Juniors. These also were the belles and beaux of Darky Town.

Brother Mary Spencer Leitch presided very gracefully, and, after a masterful sermon, sat down amid thundering applause. The program continued, each person adding to the enjoyment of the guests (and themselves) by singing, dancing, reciting, telling jokes, discussions, etc., interspersed with selections by the Orchestra.

Mr. and Mrs. Ula Cluverius (the latter nee Miss Marie Ward) were especially good. Mrs. Cluverius was becomingly gowned in rainbow colors. Brother Minnie Travis' witticisms brought down the house, not speaking of Mr. Virginia Haynie, who insisted upon tuning his violin during even the most sacred performances.

This part of the program ended with a cakewalk, each couple surpassing all previous efforts in his line. The successful contestants were Charlotte Lawrence and Nancy Carr Harrison. After this, much to the horror of the dignified (?) Seniors, the darkies came down from the stage, mingled with the guests and partook of the refreshments with them.

The guests were very reluctant to leave, and after assuring the hosts that this had been the most enjoyable affair of the year, the Senior cheer leader called all guests together for fifteen Rah! Rah! Raahs! for the Juniors.

Commencement Exercises 1915

MANY enjoyable festivities marked the departure of the Class of 1915 from the protection of the Normal into the wide, wide world. The Commencement exercises opened on the evening of June the third, when the Seniors presented the play, "The American College Girl." The chief interest of the play lay in the fact that it was dramatized by two of the graduates, Misses Louise Henley and Charlotte Rice, from Jean Webster's charming story, "When Patty Went to College." Dances and songs were features of the performance, and the entire play was pronounced a marked success.

THE BATTLEFIELD

June the fourth the Glee Club gave a very enjoyable Twilight Concert on the piazza of the Frances Willard Dormitory.

June the fifth ushered in the long-looked-for Class Day. The exercises were held in the theater in the grove, which was beautifully decorated in the Class Colors—coral and blue green. Immediately after this the Seniors and many of the Alumnae adjourned to the Princess Anne Hotel, where a delightful luncheon was served.

The Baccalaureate Service, which was held Sunday, June the sixth, made a lasting impression on every member of the class.

On the evening of June the seventh the Class of 1915 assembled, for the last time as students of the Normal, in the auditorium to receive the highly prized diplomas. The address to the graduates was ably delivered by Dr. Charles W. Kent, of the University of Virginia. The exercises concluded with the presentation of diplomas by our beloved President, and the Class of 1915 passed into history.

Y. W. C. A. Reception

SCHOOL had just opened for the year's work, when the Young Women's Christian Association, hoping to make the new students feel at home and happy in their new surroundings, planned a reception to be held in their honor. This aim was well carried out, for in such a happy crowd, even those who longest most to be at home again, forgot their troubles and entered in the good time with heartfelt interest.

The entire student body and faculty were received by the President of the school, with his wife and the Y. W. C. A. cabinet. An interesting program had been arranged by the Entertainment Committee, which included the following items:

Duet.....	Messrs. Wooding and Lewis
Solo.....	Miss Fraser
Piano Solo.....	Mr. P. K. Bauman
Violin Solo.....	Miss Dannehl

Following the program, the name of each student was put in a box and passed around, each one present drawing a name. Then, amid much laughing and chattering, each one tried to search out the person whose name she had drawn. Finally the noise subdued, after which refreshments were served. At last the time came for separating, and all did so reluctantly, declaring it was one of the most enjoyable evenings ever spent.

The Fox and Hound Chase

THE jolliest sport of all was the Fox and Hound Chase, when each girl in school represented either a fox or a hound. The hounds gathered in the gymnasium while the foxes went to secure a hiding place, scattering confetti on their way. After twenty minutes had past, Mr.

Harrison, the noble leader of the hounds, gave the signal for the search to begin. Such turns and twists as those foxes had made have never been seen. Climbing over fences and rushing through briars and brambles, we covered the fields in trail of the elusive confetti until we finally found the foxes, hidden in a barn about three miles from the school. The chase was thoroughly enjoyed, and each girl took great pride in putting a piece of torn garment in memory book.

Hallowe'en

GLOW of red, the sound of weird music, and then the doors are thrown open wide and we are in the land of mystery. Tall witches form a path along which we pass. The spirit of Hallowe'en is in the air. From every chandelier yellow pumpkin faces look down at us, smiling a cheery welcome to the magic feast. We have just gathered around the tables, which have been decorated with pumpkin heads and gay-colored autumn leaves, when lo! again the witches appear and serve the bounteous feast.

THE BATTLEFIELD

After this feast we all repair to the auditorium, where the witches already reign supreme. For an hour they entertain us with weird songs, ghostly stories, and fantastic dances. "The Origin of Hallowe'en" is read in a most interesting way by Professor Edwin Shewmake. With a creepy feeling we march out on the campus, where we toast marshmallows at the numerous bonfires, over each one of which a member of the faculty presides. When the last marshmallow has been toasted we go to our rooms, and, as we look from our windows and see the fires go out one by one, our thoughts are turned to the future, when we shall look back upon this happy Hallowe'en night as one of the most pleasant memories of the past.

The Y. W. C. A. Bazaar

THE annual bazaar of the Y. W. C. A. was held in the auditorium of Russell Hall, December 11, 1915. By four o'clock everything was in readiness and the halls were filled with spectators viewing the many fancy articles. The tables were artistically arranged with the fancy work contributed by the girls in school. One table was especially attractive and interesting, as it was covered with Japanese curtains, writing papers, seals and card cases, which sold very readily. A little later in the evening delicious odors of coffee and fried oysters filled the hall, and we knew that soon a real supper would be served. At six o'clock the dining room was thronged with those eager to be served with the good supper, which consisted of chicken salad, fried oysters, pickle, hot coffee and ice-cream. After supper moving pictures were shown in the auditorium until 9.30 P. M. Thus, the most successful bazaar ever held at the Fredericksburg State Normal School came to a close.

Y. W. C. A. Party

THE Young Women's Christian Association held its second entertainment of the year in the auditorium January 7, 1916, at a time when it was most needed by the girls. It came to them as a part cure for homesickness after the Christmas holidays.

Several musical selections were rendered, consisting of a solo by Miss Marie Olga Ward, and songs by the "Famous Fredericksburg Quartette." Mr. Carmichael, the clever impersonator, amused all present with his readings in negro dialect. Just before refreshments were served a social game was played by matching the numbers of napkins, each person being required to entertain his partner for the rest of the evening.

"On the Spur of the Moment"

January 15, 1916.

SCENE I. Dining Room.

TIME—1.30 Saturday.

CIRCUMSTANCES—"The Birth of a Nation" in Richmond.

Sprout has gone with Ralph.

"Let's go to Richmond on the 4.36!"

"All right, shake!"

The table is in a commotion—almost turns over. Dinner is over. Table No. 4 gives a war whoop. On with the nickels!

"Hello, is that Miss Black? Will you chaperon a party of seven Normalites to "The Birth of a Nation?" Did you say you would 'phone to Miss Forbes for permission? Lovely! Good-bye."

Listen to the prancing and pattering of each little hoof as we marched to Miss Forbes for permission. Glory be! She gives her consent. A desperate scramble for the bathtubs.

"Clothes? Too much trouble. Sleep in anything."

At last we are ready—in everybody's clothes but our own. Behold the white roses—and the veils. Speaking of style!

THE BATTLEFIELD

"Good-bye, everybody."

SCENE II. Elba Station.

TIME—6.30.

CIRCUMSTANCES—Stranded! Y. W. C. A. filled—all dolled up and nowhere to go.

"Excuse me, but can I help you."

Praise Pete! A policeman to the rescue (struck on the chaperon) Eliza Bland taken us in for the night. We leave for the Academy and are about to board the car, when the He-ro steps up again. He phones the ticket man to reserve tickets for us. In our excitement, we leave the car about a block too soon. We have stood in the rush lines for about fifteen minutes; we are about to buy two-dollar seats, when, at the psychological moment, the He-ro appears again, takes our money, buys fifty-cent seats, and sneaks us up the back way. (Don't tell anybody.)

SCENE III. The Peanut Gallery.

Time—8.00 P. M.

The crowd rushes madly to the first row to look down on Sprout and Ralph. Sprout faints in Ralph's arms. In the distance is the usher yelling excitedly, "Sit down, this is no circus ground!" The curtain rises and we laugh and cry to suit the scene.

SCENE IV. Cole's.

TIME—11.45 P. M.

We are seated around the table sipping and chattering. We are invited to Murphy's, but, alas! it is too late. So we tramp up Broad Street to the tune of the falling snowflakes, and at twelve-thirty we "roll in." Sunday finds our chaperon somewhat under the weather. So we leave on the 3.50 to come back to sardines and crackers.

(Curtain falls.)

Richmond and the Farrar Concert

ON Wednesday, January the twenty-sixth, nineteen hundred and sixteen, about eleven of us girls, chaperoned by Misses Fraser and Atkinson, left Fredericksburg on the one-seventeen train to attend the Farrar concert in Richmond. Mr. Russell met us upon our arrival, and it did not take us long to discover that he had left no stone unturned in planning for our comfort and pleasure.

We were taken to the Jefferson Hotel, where rooms had been engaged for us. The process of eliminating the stains of travel from our brows and powdering our "dainty" noses was hastily completed, after which our party divided, one-half enjoying a short automobile ride, then a shopping tour, which finally resolved into a visit to the "movies" (Some day two or three of us intend writing a discourse on "The Unfinished Picture.") The remainder of the party, accompanied by Mr. Russell, Miss Atkinson and Mrs. Fraser, went for a delightful automobile drive, visiting Richmond's beautiful Country Club and Westhampton College. The latter institution seemed to afford shelter for numerous "brothers" of our number, and of course there had to be at least a five-minute chat with them.

It is hard to say whether we were sorry or glad to wend our way back to the city lights and incidentally to the Y. W. C. A. Cafeteria. The ride was proving too delightful to think of having it come to an end, nevertheless, something seemed to tell us that healthy girls could not subsist on rides alone. Consequently, at six o'clock, our party reunited to do honor to the culinary art of the most wonderful little dining room in Richmond (all things considered). **Such** fried chicken, **such** salad, **such** everything, all for thirty-five cents! There, at least, the high cost of living seemed to be but a myth.

Full justice having been done to the delicious supper, we went back to the hotel. After more powdering, pin-hunting, etc., we found ourselves en route to the grande affaire of our trip—the Farrar Concert—given in the city Auditorium. Upon our arrival we were ushered down to the "bald-headed" row, past hundreds upon hundreds of Richmonders, resplendent in dress suits, beautiful evening gowns and many sparkling jewels.

THE BATTLEFIELD

For the next two hours we sat enthralled at the feet of the sweet music. The peerless Farrar proceeded to weave about us the spell of her charming personality and exquisite vocal art. Mr. Werrenwrath and Miss Sassole, who assisted Miss Farrar, also proved to be delightful artists. The entire concert was all and more than we expected. Our pen falters when we attempt to adequately describe it, and so we refer the reader to a most excellent account of the affair given in the Richmond Times-Dispatch, of January the twenty-seventh.

Upon returning to the Jefferson, several of the girls met friends who were visiting the city and were granted the privilege of accepting their invitation to dance. The rest of us were treated to an impromptu ice-cream party by Mr. Russell. Dancing stopped at midnight. Somewhere in the vicinity of two o'clock the last "good night" was said and the last light turned off.

The "ting-a-ling" of a telephone bell is not especially disturbing under ordinary circumstances, but when Miss Fraser awakened us by phone the next morning at the ridiculously early hour of eight o'clock, not only was it cruelly disturbing, but bewildering as well. We have often wondered whether Miss Fraser thought Virginia Boxley merely frivolous or whether she realized the pathetic sleepiness of Virginia's over-tired brain when she replied to the call by saying, "Hello! Someone ringing the Normal School?"

We had planned to have breakfast at our beloved Cafeteria, but we confess that we were too slow in the preparation of our toilets (no names mentioned) and the doors were closed when we arrived. Mr. Russell, however, soon turned the "silver lining" of our cloud outward by arranging a charming breakfast party at Murphy's Hotel.

After breakfast we were taken through the Capitol, where we saw part of the Legislature in session. We were pleasantly surprised to learn that Mr. Russell had made an appointment for us to meet Governor Stuart. We enjoyed his hearty handshake, cordial manner and good jokes.

Train time began to loom in the very near future, so at last we reluctantly turned our footsteps toward Elba—most of us really reached there by jitney—and sadly climbed aboard the twelve-one for Fredericksburg. It was a trip we cannot easily forget. It still lives in our memory and always shall, as one of the pleasantest experiences of our school days.

Togo and the Nightingales

(With apologies to Wallace Irwin)

To "Battlefield of Annual Staff," who make writing of all things which Faculty do not want in print:
DEAR SIR:

I now write to you of the last disappearance from home of many honorable ladies who desire education that will help them make lives of little children to functionate in society.

In this Abnormal School are club, named "Very Gleeful Club," which mean they so joyful they sing with glee. In same Abnormal School are another club called "Nightingales," which sing more understandable music than "Do Not Forget Me," which Gleeful Club sing. One night they have concert, which is a lot of music together at once. I go to joyful concert to put in pocket for nightingales the six cents, which is honorable pay for most delicious music-noise.

When curtain, he roll himself up to ceiling, which is the top layer of the house, little blackbirds peek-a-boo, out of pine trees, which belong outdoors, and warble nonsensical song-tune named "Pine Trees." Miss Furnass, who is hungry, lose honorable head and cry "Ice-cream!" She not get it! Then birds hear noise, which they think is fire-gun, and fly away. I fly too, but come back to hear more song noise.

I hear it! Mr. and Mrs. "Just Got Married," who are Hon. Miss Farrar and Hon. New-Husband, come out with loveful expressions. She sing "You Mighty Like a Rose-Bush." He help her sing about drinking with honorable eyes.

While I vexing how this is to be done, nine ghosts, which call honorable selves "ghostaphone," sing "We, You, Sol" like musical classes.

THE BATTLEFIELD

But more things happen! McCormack, who is great songster, but has much shyness where beautiful ladies are, sings lovely song, "Little Colored Home Where the Sun Sets." Later I hear big, loud voice, made in honorable phonohorn by Miss Mickie.

A quartette, which is little Jap like me, little white girl like you, Redwinged Indian, big gypsy, who has a voice like Hon. McCormack, and a colored black kid, sing operatic melodies—one was named "Tipperary."

Then all nightingales fly on stage and vociferate with angel expressions, "Listen to the Nightingales." I did not obey honorable command. I put fingernails in ears. When I take them out again, man with red nose like cherry, sing "Old Green River." Much clapping of fingers.

Nightingale birds can't fly, but they can dance. Nightingale Turner grow short like infantile baby, and dance gig-gigs on big table. She must be like 'justable seats, which Honorable Professor of Education says every schoolroom should have.

All club sing voices away now, so they shut mouths for once, and do quiet play named "Old Sweet-heart of Mine."

Nightingales get voices back once more again and scream, "Good-night, Ladies, we are glad we are through."

I leave with six senses, which Hon. People have given me. I get caught. I'm through with Abnormal Schools.

Hoping you are the same,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

An Evening with the Corley Company

ON the evening of January 20th, 1916, a most delightful concert was given in the auditorium of Russell Hall by the Corley Company of Richmond, Virginia. The entire student body and many outsiders were present. The program was of the highest type, and was rendered in a most artistic manner. The artists were: Mrs. William R. Reinhardt, Soprano; Miss Beryl Ferguson, Violinist; Mr. Joseph Whittemore, Tenor; Mr. Howard D. Bryant, Baritone; Mrs. James Womble, Pianist. The program consisted of selections from Moszkowski, Verdi, Mlynarski, Thomas, Godard, Gounod and others.

The Ben Greet Players

PROBABLY the most enjoyed and appreciated event of the session of 1914-15 was on May 20th, when the Ben Greet Woodland Players presented "She Stoops to Conquer" in the afternoon, and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the evening in our Auditorium. All arrangements had been made to have them play in the open air theater in the Grove, but the plan failed utterly on account of a cold rain which fell steadily all day. However, the indoor stage was excellently and artistically arranged with boughs and shrubbery, so that the setting was scarcely less harmonious than it would have been rendered by the natural background on the out-of-door stage. It was an occasion long to be remembered by all.

Just Back from Richmond

YOU might have known that something great would happen if Miss Hinman went in for the role of chaperon. Miss that trip to Richmond! I wouldn't have missed it for a kingdom—or, even for a new hat! It was one continuous thrill, from the time the jitney got us to the station, half an hour ahead of time, until this minute. Of course, everything one goes about has problems, and the first problem we had to face was that of convincing Mr. Russell that of all the days in all the year the day of the McCormack Concert was one, and "Dollar Day in Richmond" was the other.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The importance of it dawned upon him slowly, but it "dawned" just the same, and that is why we didn't get here until tonight. When we got to Richmond we didn't spend our dollars on jitneys and things, but **walked** straight to the Jefferson, where we obtained a lovely corner room, only to be denied the privilege of waving out of the window. Trust us not to stay there long when the concert tickets hadn't been bought, and when Mary Pickford could be seen playing in *Madame Butterfly*! So we lined up to be counted (there were five of us) and marched ahead. We went to the Y. W. C. A. Cafeteria for supper—money goes such a long way there—and I'll tell you a secret I learned—never do for others what they can do for themselves. We went in and waited indefinitely for service, only to discover, finally, that we were to wait on ourselves! We went to the concert from the Jefferson, and the thrills reached the climax when McCormack appeared. He fairly thrills the heart o' ye, my dears, when he whispers in those wonderful tones "I Hear You Calling Me." The remarkable brilliance, power and flexibility of his voice is marvelous. He was assisted by his usual attendants, Donald McBeath, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist. After hearing such music one just cannot settle down to sleep; so, when we got back to the hotel, we went to the dining room with some friends, and danced and chatted until it began to be morning. Of course, we had to have a little sleep if we were to spend our dollars wisely, but this was yet a far way off, for Sara Bruce had yet to be subdued. After breakfast at Cole's we hurried away to see what we could see and buy. Truly, "Dollar Day" is wonderful! Miss Hinman has a new dress, hat, shoes, and maybe some other things; Laura Wright has a new hat, even if it is American Beauty Red and Hunter's Green; Sara Bruce has a Snookums; Thelma Fraser and Gertrude Saunders have little glass dogs on chains; and I, poor Catherine, have only an empty purse. When we had all the bargains we could pay for, we tripped away to the Capitol and heard the Prohibition Bill discussed. Then in the afternoon we went to the Lyric, and—now we're here again, still thrilling; and seriously, I know that every one of us is deeply grateful for the privilege of hearing such a wonderful singer as McCormack.

The Junior-Senior Reception 1916

"So you attended that affair at the Normal School April 8, 1916?"

"Yes, indeed! I hope you don't think I would have missed an occasion like that."

"Well, just what did they do anyway?"

"I have heard so many reports but no one seems capable of telling about the affair adequately. When I got that invitation and read—

'Please accept this invitation,
Hasten here with expectation,
The Juniors have a party planned,
And hope that you will be on hand.'

I said to myself, now that is a good opportunity to air my dress suit, and I did it, too; although I was sorry I wore it because the sheep's wool got all over me. But you know I wasn't going to let the Dean outdo me."

"Wool? They didn't have anything like that up there, did they?"

O, I see, you don't know a thing about it. Then I will begin from the first and tell you all. We came to the auditorium at eight o'clock and were met at the door by two heralds, who presented us with a list of characters, famous in Mother Gooseland and history, who had condescended to step from their places on the library shelves to entertain us for the evening.

"After we had been seated 'Puss in Boots' took his place at the piano and struck the chord for the Grand Pee-rade. The door opened and this notable procession entered, headed by the Queen of Hearts, followed by Mother Goose and all her children, while King Ferdinand, with his Queen Isabella and a company of historical notables, brought up the rear.

"The first Herald then announced the beginning of the contest in which we were to identify the characters by their 1916 class-room names. The second Herald proclaimed the time to be at hand for the

THE BATTLEFIELD

grand event of the evening—namely, an athletic meet, participated in by all the characters. Captain John Smith was director of the events.

"A basket ball game was called first, which resulted in a victory for Mother Goose's children, owing to the splendid goal pitching of Little Bo Peep, aided by all her sheep. Mutt and Jeff did star playing for both sides as slap centers. This was followed by a fifty-yard dash. To the surprise of all, the Maiden-all-Forlorn crossed the line ahead of all competitors. The three-legged race resulted in the downfall of Jack Sprat and his wife. The goal was reached by Jack while Jill came tumbling after. Topsy and Little Eva won laurels for themselves in the hopping relay. Buster and Mary Jane, up to pranks as usual, came near tripping George and Martha Washington in the potato relay, but the Father of His Country was not to be baffled—he won anyway.

"The trophy cup in the Gymnastic Tournament was carried off by Humpty Dumpty for her most graceful participation in the æsthetic dances.

"The continuous bawling of Mother Hubbard's dog reminded us that it was time to repair to the cupboard for a bone, so the Herald made his announcement to this effect—'Go with Mother Hubbard to her cupboard and find something besides a bone.' 'Little Miss Muffet will share her curds and whey.' 'Jack Horner, although a selfish boy, may give you a plum from his pie.' 'Little Bo Peep has found something besides her sheep.' 'Jack Sprat and his wife have not yet licked the platter clean, and Simple Simon may consent to stop fishing long enough to share his catch.'"

"Well, I give it to you, that was 'some party!'"

"Bet I'll arrange to have a dress suit for the next one."

The Washington Trip

(a la Susan Clegg.)

"Did you hear——?"

Yes, a grand time, I came in to tell you all about it."

"Did Miss H——?"

"Of course, she had a grand time, too, although she says she was kept right busy changing her mind as to how many there were of us. Sometimes she looked very tired, when she could count only eleven when we had started out with nineteen."

"What hap——?"

"You might as well ask what happened. Aunts, sisters, cousins, with permission took, first this one then that, until it was kind of hard to remember who was where."

"You start——"

"I'm coming to that. We started out real early, and, as we left the hotel, a real nice spoken man asked us to take a ride in his automobile—said he would take us free of charge, if we would pay a dollar apiece for the gasoline."

"A dol——"

"Yes, a dollar. It seems that gasoline has gone up some in the Capital City, but any way we decided to go in his car. It was a real nice car, just big enough to hold the fifteen of us. We first went to the Congressional Library. Can't tell you about this magnificent structure, but it had a real handsome gold top. We all felt as though we had walked into another world. They had some mighty fine wall paintings. The one showing how books came to be made was wonderful. When we got to the top of the stairs there was a painting of Minerva, by a man named Vedder. It was made of tiny bits of stone; we thought it must have been real tiresome to put them together, and it looked real natural, too."

"Was that a——?"

"No indeed, we went right through the whole library and came back the second time, too."

"Did——?"

"Yes, the whole twelve of us went to the Bureau of Engraving, where we saw the money and stamps being made. It seemed dreadful for those poor people to stand there all day making money for other people

THE BATTLEFIELD

to spend. When we left V. V. asked the lady guide for our souvenirs. The lady guide seemed real surprised, for V. V. said 'Sara said you would give us a stamp if we asked for it.'

"Did she——?"

"No, she was real cross, but we didn't care, for we thought they would give us some of the old money they had at the Treasury, where we went next. We heard they had a lot of it, you know. We then got in the automobile and pretty soon stopped in front of a real grand building. When we got inside it was too late for one of the regular gentlemen guides to guide us, and so we had to hunt up one of our Uncles, and he got two other gentlemen guides who were real kind about showing us where Uncle Sam keeps his money. They took us up to a cage in the cellar, and when we looked in we saw a little package no bigger than that, with forty million dollars in it. Right reckless it made us feel, for when we left the whole fourteen of us bought tickets to the 'Passing Show of 1915.'"

"Were they wash——?"

"Yes, we saw them washing and ironing the dirty money. There was some that couldn't be washed, and it seemed so wasteful for them to be cutting it up when there were so many poor people like us who would have enjoyed spending it. Now I must tell you about that place they call the New National. I never saw heathen so near before. They would have seemed really human if they had had on more clothes. They were all in big glass cases; some did have on such wonderful embroidery."

"Did you see the P——?"

"No, we didn't like to disturb him as these are right busy times for him, but the head policeman, who is a cousin of one of the girls who went to school here once, took us through the White House. We peeked into the first kitchen of the land, and when we were coming through the Red Room, the guide didn't seem to mind a bit when each one of us took a rose petal that had fallen from the American Beauty roses on to the floor."

"You haven't——"

"But I'm coming to it. We went to the Capitol on Saturday. We had seen the noble building before (as our hotel was just opposite it). One of our Aunts took us through it and into the galleries of the House and the Senate. I can only say that if we behaved in our Literary Societies as those makers of American laws did, we would be fined so much that we would have to be keeping lent the year around."

"Was Uncle——?"

"Yes, Uncle Joe Cannon was there and we saw him. I mean we saw the top of his head. When we got through seeing how those men behaved we went down to the basement and rode in Uncle Sam's mono-rail car. That means, you know that the car and the whole sixteen of us and the Aunt and the gentleman driver, got in a car that ran on one rail. We went through the tunnel right under the street of the Senate Office Building where we saw that painting "The Battle of Gettysburg," which was on exhibit.

"You didn't——"

"Yes, we did. We went to the Pan-American Union. It was such a remarkable building and we enjoyed the sights we saw there more than any others. Outside we saw the beautiful statuary groups by Konti and the Borglums-Gutzar and Solon."

"Were they——?"

"No, I don't pretend to say they were brothers, but I do say they can create beautiful things. There were some very beautiful gardens around this building. The Colonel, who was our guide inside, said they were sunken but they looked dug out to me. It wasn't natural for the ground to sink like that. In the Patio the beautiful fountain, the rare tropical plants and those painted birds as big as turkeys took all our attention."

"The birds were"

"Yes, they were painted. I never saw anything like them anywhere else. The Colonel said they were natural, but they didn't look natural to us. When we left the Patio we entered a hall where there was a model of the Panama Canal. With the Colonel's aid we took a trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific, passing through the different locks."

"Is that——?"

THE BATTLEFIELD

"No, that is not half. We went through the D. A. R. Building. We spent hours in the Corcoran Art Gallery. We saw Hazel Dawn in the 'Saleslady.' We went to 'The Passing Show of 1915'—and had the supper that we did not have time to eat before, served to us in our rooms after the theater."

"Did you like——"

"No, I do say that I like my suppers at the proper hour. I don't take to theater suppers. But to continue—we went to Keith's and saw Nora Bayes in a wonderful Lucille gown. We went to the Old Soldiers' Home; we went Shopping on F Street, and, of course, to the basket ball game."

"All at——"

"No, these are just some of the things that we did in between, and on Sunday morning we went to St. Paul's Church, where we enjoyed a perfect church service and wonderful music. In the afternoon we went to Rock Creek Cemetery to see that famous statue 'The Peace of God,' by St. Gaudens. Very reverent we felt as we sat opposite this great work of art. Some say the greatest in America."

"What time——?"

"Well, we got to the station for the 6.46 and I stood by Miss Hinman and heard her call the roll as every one passed through the gate: 'Emily, Bert, Laura, Gertrude, Michie, Thelma, V. V., Lydia, Imogen E., Sara, Catherine, Imogen S., Lena, Elizabeth, Joe, Ruth H., Mayble, Ruth F.'"

School Song

Tune: Kerry Dance

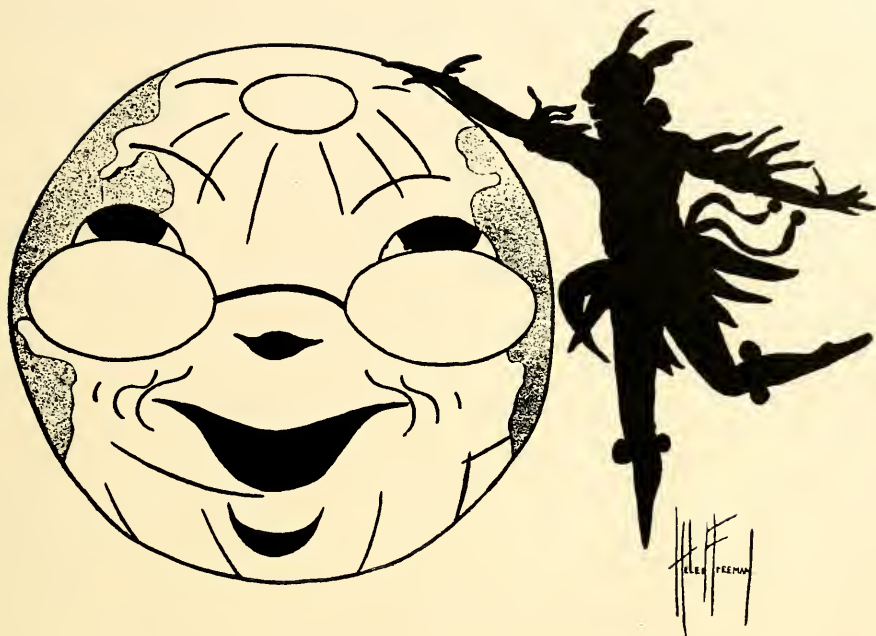
In the valley, the storied city
Peaceful lies; on the heights above,
Looking far o'er a fair wide landscape,
Stand the halls of the school we love.

Merry groups of laughing schoolgirls
Make a cheerful and joyous scene,—
Straying over fields and hillside,
Sporting, dancing on the green.
Working cheerily, playing merrily,
Forming friendships strong.

Chorus

How we honor thee! How we love thee!
Ne'er our lives shall thy teachings wrong!
Alma Mater! We praise thee ever!
Praise thee, honor thee in our song!

DORA J. DADMUN.



LAUGH AND THE WORLD
LAUGHS WITH YOU.

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****

"The Wisdom of the Foolish, and the Folly of the Wise"

Mattie Frazer—seeing the Winged Victory for the first time: "Huh, I don't think much of that; she hasn't any head!"

Mr. Shewmake: "Miss Jones, what is the word for 'give'?"

D. J.: "Dunno."

Mr. Shewmake: "Correct—you're improving."

Mabel Glenn: "Oh, Katherine Corr has diphtheria and Dr. Smith has given her intoxication!"

Friend in Richmond: "Laura, how are you getting on at school?"

Laura: "Oh—I'm trying awfully hard to get ahead."

Friend: "Well—you certainly need one!"

Sara Bruce, upon seeing a copy of the Magna Charta hanging in Lemira Carter's home: "Magna Charta? Was he any of your kinspeople, Lemira?"

First Student: "Lend Lillian Wright fifty cents, won't you?"

Second Student: "Is she badly in need of it?"

First Student: "Rather, she's going to pay me what she owes me."

Peggy T.: "I heard something this morning that made me open my eyes."

Dorothy: "What in the world?"

Peggy: "The breakfast bell."

Mary Spencer, upon seeing Theresa Lynch's address,—Mt. Mary, Ossining-on-Hudson, insured: "What is Mt. Mary?"

Grace B., Alumni Editor: "Oh, that's the infirmary where 'Tee' Lynch stays."

Mabel: "I'm going to stop drinking coffee. It makes my complexion bad."

Ruth C.: "It destroys your equilibrium, too."

Mabel: "What are you talking about? That's something you keep fish in!"

Mattie Mae: "The report got out not long ago that Madame Bernhardt was dying."

Effie: "Yes, but that mistake has been 'rarified'."

On entering Miss Forbes' office one of the students overheard her reading this quotation aloud to one of the teachers: "A good wife is a husband's greatest joy."

A note received by one of the Student Teachers read as follows: "Dear Ma'am—Please excuse my boy's absence from school yesterday as he fell in the mud. By so doing the same, you will greatly oblige his mother."

Margaret White, when Julia Mills set off the alarm clock in the dining room: "That's one of those awful intermittent alarms!"

Edna Metcalf: "No, it isn't, either; it's one of those that goes awhile, then stops and then goes again!"

Lyda Ellis: "Which one of the Cosby twins is the older?"

Peggy (when she first came to school): "Do you have to be asked to join the Student Government Association?"

Fannie Mae, returning from Miss Hinman's room, where she had been to borrow scissors for Miss Atkinson: "Oh, Miss Atkinson, I didn't get them. Miss Hinman had that last year Junior Class, and she was so cross I was afraid to ask her."

Ruth: "Lucy, why are you humming 'America' so much today?"

Lucy Sears: "I'm not! That was 'My Country 'Tis of Thee'!"

THE BATTLEFIELD

Photographer, taking "Better to Sew" picture: "Young ladies, you must keep still. This is no moving picture camera."

W. T.: "Now, Miriam, don't get cute."

M. P.: "I'm not like you. I was born cute, but you had to get cute."

M. T.: "Therefore I am the smarter, for I have accomplished something."

Two boys talking across the aisle at Training School: "You're the biggest idiot I ever saw."

E. Smith, Practice Teacher: "Boys, you forget I am in the room."

Miss Atkinson: "What are water forms?"

T. Turner, Senior: "Fish and things that grow in the water."

Mr. Shewmake to Sophomore Class: "What is the word derived from Bacchus, the god of wine?"

Genevieve B.: "Bacteria."

Miss Hinman: "Fools can ask more questions than wise men can answer."

Senior: "No wonder so many of us flunk on tests."

Sprout: "I have a friend who has St. Vitus' dance."

Helen F.: "What's that?—Anything like the 'Pigeon Walk'?"

Lula Williamson, to Louise Campbell who is tickling her feet: "Quit!—You are bothering my mental capacity!"

T. Turner, at class meeting: "Has every one voted?"

Mae Hundley: "Yes, I have!"

Lucy Payne: "What color is crimson?"

Edna Carter: "Just about the same as gold."

Nell: "Gladys, what is meant by the adolescent period?"

Gladys O.: "That period when we have lessons."

Miss Merrill: "Get these pots and pans clean. Use plenty of elbow grease on them!"

Imogen Slaughter (after fifteen minutes' ineffectual search): "Oh, I've looked everywhere and I can't find your elbow grease!"

Mr. Tyner, pointing to one of his artistic drawings of a dog: "Why does this picture present a mental image to the mind more quickly than the letters d—o—g?"

Miss Gordon: "It doesn't—to me!"

Mr. Shewmake: "What is meant by idiomatic expression?"

Junior: "Expression used by idiots."

Marie W. sent a telegram of congratulations to her parents, reading: "Congratulations. Today is my birthday!"

First Freshman: "Have you worked your Algebra?"

Second Freshman: "No, I just can't get these spontaneous equations."

Thelma Frazer, after stepping on somebody's toes during a very exciting basket ball practice: "Ah, please excuse me!"

"Lucy Poindexter, what do you play on your basket ball team?"

Lucy: "Oh, I play foul!"

Peggy Taylor, starting on Fox and Hound Chase: "Oh, Mr. Harrison, do we have to pick up all the confetti?"

Freshman: "Miss Yates, have you got that cross George Eliot?"

Miss Frazer (calling roll): "Ina Taylor."

Ina (practicing sequentials, answered): "Do."

THE BATTLEFIELD

The Modern Girl's Horoscope

As seen by Madame Olga Soulié

A girl born on MONDAY will have a fondness for nice clothes, and will be careful not to wear them into the kitchen when there is any other work to be done. She will be exceedingly nice to her Critic Teachers at Training School,—just before marks go in.

A girl born on TUESDAY is liable to be right-handed and kind to her parents—just before Christmas. Until old enough to be of some use she will insist upon getting up at a distressingly early hour; but, after she is able to sweep, she will stick to her bed.

A girl born on WEDNESDAY will be an intellectual wonder, but she will be able to conceal the fact from other members of her family until she grows up, goes to a Normal School, gets "C" on History of Education, and begins to doubt it herself.

A girl born on THURSDAY will never have to work for a living—if she has her way about it. She will be kind to her little brother—if he has a nickel to spend. When she goes off to school she will develop and encourage gift-giving "crushes." She will be small for her age and, even after marriage, will be able to go through her husband's pockets.

A girl born on FRIDAY is likely to have brown, blue, black or grey eyes with hair of some hue to match. While a child she will be fond of dolls. Later on she will want dollars. She will use her room-mate's Sociology notes and get a better grade than her room-mate does.

A girl born on SATURDAY will be of an individual turn of mind and give no thought to the subject of beaux until she has reached the age of four. She will have a passion for sweeping the keys of a grand piano—but will pout by the hour if she is asked to sweep her room.

A girl born on SUNDAY will display no unusual traits of mind while a child; but when she grows up she will learn how to make fudge, to operate a chafing dish, and will deem herself competent to go to house-keeping the first chance she gets. She will take a Course in Household Arts—so that she can get something good to eat, and perhaps get out of taking some hard subjects.

Among Our Books

"A Comedy of Errors".....	Test Papers
"The Spoilers".....	The Faculty
"The Innocents Abroad".....	Freshmen
"The Unattainable".....	A+
"The Turning Point".....	C
"The Fighting Chance".....	C—
"The Climax".....	Commencement 1916
"By Right of Conquest".....	Graduates
"How It Happened".....	Interest + Effort
"The House of Happiness".....	F. S. N. S. ? ? ?
"The Battle Ground".....	Senior Class in Drawing
"The Pilgrim's Progress".....	Sub Prep to Senior
"The Danger Mark".....	Frown on Miss Forbes' face
"The Call of the Wild".....	Miss H. in search of scissors lent to "those Seniors"
"Little Men".....	Gunyan
"The Doctor".....	Dr. Smith
"The Long Roll".....	Failures
"Soldiers of Fortune".....	Practice Teachers
"In the Depths".....	Seniors after Junior-Senior Basket Ball
"The Turmoil".....	Training School
"The Wild Olive".....	?

THE BATTLEFIELD

The Battlefield's Confidential Guide to School Girls



(THE BATTLEFIELD has inaugurated a new and personal service for the benefit of school girls. Without wishing to seem either oracular or infallible, we will answer, without charge, any questions on dress or etiquette in school life. Personal answers will be made if self-addressed, stamped envelope is sent.)

If you are expecting guests, by no means report this fact to Miss Forbes, or introduce them to her upon their arrival. If you should run into her on the hall as the guests are preparing to leave, you may introduce them then—that is, if you can not get out of it.

If any member of the faculty should enter the parlor and all the seats are occupied, do not arise and give her your chair. Let her stand up and feel uncomfortable.

Yes, pearl ear-rings are quite appropriate for school wear with a middy suit—also the hair worn as if you were going to a dance.

I should advice long walks for your complexion, sometimes as far as the little drug store on Main Street, although girls who use powder do not go off any quicker than those who don't—; and a painted cheek and its blush are soon parted.

A very nice looking shoe for ladies' wear is now being offered for \$2.50. This is, of course, the price for a single shoe, the cost of a pair being \$5.00.

To produce an odd military effect, gentle reader, bang your hair, powder your face, and wear a dress made of shot silk.

Why does a man close his eyes when he kisses a girl? Send us your picture and we will tell you.

In getting your mail in the postoffice room, elbow the members of the faculty out of the way, and crowd up to your own box. They will not mind, as THEY are not in any hurry to get THEIR mail.

If you should bump into any member of the faculty on your way through the corridors, by no means stop to pick her up or to apologize—and NEVER open the door for any one of them. Push on through and shut the door in her face.

Yes, eat your peas with your knife. Doing it gracefully, however, requires skill and practice. You are liable to lose your peas or cut your throat.

No, I wouldn't go to church any more on Sunday night. The boys can not walk home with you. But, you can go to the basket ball games and see them there.

When developing a cold, by no means report to Miss Forbes. Let it develop, stay in bed a few days and miss some classes.

When you receive a pink card, that means a week's holiday from school. Do not go to classes until you can arrange to see the Dean—and do not arrange to see him for some days.

[If above instructions are carefully followed, we are sure you will be a great success—both in school and in after-life.]

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****

Hoo's Hoo on the Campus



Our Editor-in-Chief, Virginia E.,
"On the job" every minute you see;
In calm or in stress,
She's assured of success.
Here's to her—She's fine, you'll agree.

Thelma's Class President of note,
State laws she'll eagerly quote;
But one weakness she's got,
Which folks call Bertha Scott.
Yet there're others in the very same boat!

Dear little "Western" Kate Renfro,
We're sure she's not stupid or slow—
Yet she swallowed a stone
Which cost her one bone.
And Miss Hinman gave her—you know!

Our Pearl is a pearl of great weight,
Her breadth exceedeth her height.
There's a lot to that girl,
That lady named Pearl.
To omit her would indeed be a slight.

"Down the River" Fanny May,
Whose smile increases day by day—
Her fun we can use—
A sure cure for the blues.
Here's to her! What more can we say?

There's our Lucy, worthy Judge—
From decisions "Campussed"—she'll not budge.
All cases must try,
And that awful frown—My!
When you're brought up for making fudge.

Laura Wright's of Richmond town,
With pretty eyes and hair of brown.
"Miss Floss" is her name—
Vanity? Oh, for shame!
When she sees this I know she will frown!

THE BATTLEFIELD

Hoo's Hoo on the Campus

Flip visited Gertrude one fine day.
She met a lover—so they say—
She wears his pin,
Through thick and thin,
Ask her if he says, "If I may?"

Dorothy Jones and Lillian Wright
Love Ruth and Sprout with all their might.
Now I can't see
Why they won't agree
To turn to each other in their plight!

Ula to the Normal came,
For several years we've heard her name.
In the Minstrel line
She "sho" does shine,
As leading nigger's won her fame.

Charlotte Lawrence has a crush!
You may think I'm talking slush—
I know it's true—
A teacher, too,
Whose name makes Charlotte's fair cheeks flush!

"Oh, won't you lend me your hat,
Your coat or your shoes or cravat?"
Who in the deuce?
Must be Sara Bruce.
We know no one else talks like that!"

Here's to you, Emily J.,
May you get your diploma some day.
You're doing your best—
Though you said not in jest.
You'd get your "Re-Ward" anyway!

Mickie and Sprout we used to see
Happy together as they could be;
But Ruth and Gus
Won't cause a fuss—
Four is surely better than three!

"Bertie, won't you put up the mail?"
That is the everlasting wail.
But Bertie says, "No.
Basket ball I must throw."
So we get our mail late without fail.



"WHAT I ASPIRED TO BE  AND WAS NOT COMFORTS ME."

THE BATTLEFIELD

Alumnae

GAY V. WILSON
President

MARJORIE RIKER
First Vice-President

FRANCES HARRELL
Recording Secretary

RUTH CARTER
Second Vice-President

LOUISE LEWIS
Corresponding Secretary

JANET LA CROSS
Treasurer

GLEN ALLEN, VA., February 2, 1916.

DEAR GIRLS:

At last I know how to sympathize with the poor teacher who is written to for news items for the Annual. Of course, you girls don't think it's any trouble for people who don't have tests, etc., to sit down and write you a letter. Now if you had asked for a book of varied experiences, I would have known just what to write.

I am teaching (or rather, trying to teach) the second grade from nine until two, and from two to three, I have the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh grade boys in the shop three times a week.

The School Board gave us a \$65.00 outfit for the shop last Fall, and the boys have sawed up everything in sight (fingers included) since that time.

To the girls who are going out to teach Manual training, please extend my personal sympathy.

Teaching, however, is not without humor and an occasional good laugh.

One of the most amusing incidents of my career, so far, occurred when I was teaching Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair." After passing the picture around, I asked a little boy whom he saw in the picture. He replied, "The little Christ child and Mrs. Jesus." I could write you an almost endless string of such incidents as these if space permitted.

Before ending this, I must say to those of you in the lower classes—stay at dear old S. N. S. as long as you can, (Dad's checks come easier than yours) and don't let the training school teachers run a bluff on you; while to my soon-to-be "fellow sufferers" I send my best wishes for the 1916 BATTLEFIELD, and this advice: Don't teach school for a pastime, nor for the accumulation of a fat bank account.

Yours most loyally,

LOUISE LEWIS.

RICHLANDS, VA., January 24, 1916.

DEAR GIRLS:

Can I really believe that one year ago I was begging information for the Alumnae Department, and that now that is only a memory? Yes, it is a reality, for I am at last, "one of the Faculty," the height of my ambition whenever there was a Faculty meeting at I. N. S. Girls, they aren't a bit interesting—just plain old business.

Richlands is indescribable, and so are my first impressions of it, but the fact that it's in the mountains, deserves a fair degree of attention.

The school is one of the most imposing edifices of the town, and this session, is overflowing with children, children, children. There are over four hundred enrolled, and still they come!

I have thirty-five of them, and each one is an "educational problem."

In spite of the bugbear of DISCIPLINE, I find my work very interesting.

With many good wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

RUTH CARTER.

THE BATTLEFIELD

BEULAH DETWILER writes that in her school, there is a special music teacher, and she has no opportunity to put Miss Fraser's methods into practice. Beulah's friends will be sorry to hear of such a promising career nipped in the bud.

ALVA BIRMINGHAM is teaching in Madison County, near the Blue Ridge Mountains. She has a modern, two-room school, and plenty of "future presidents" and "woman suffragists." She has found that it is much easier to sit up and listen to a teacher talk, than to talk herself, but is enjoying her work thoroughly.

SOPH BROOKING is teaching forty-five children in a one-room school in Orange County. She is fervently thankful that she is good-natured. We feel that Soph's artistic temperament and ingenuity are "making a wilderness blossom."

VIRGINIA BOLEN is principal of a two-room school in Caroline County. She has introduced basket ball, and we hope that she may coach a team to play as she has done.

LUCILLE RYLAND is a student at Westhampton College. Though surrounded by many attractions, she has not forgotten a happy year spent at F. S. N. S.

ANNIE BROADDUS writes encouragingly. She says that, although the methods which she accumulated in her Junior year seemed to flee far away when she first took charge of her school, they have all come back to her, in a very practical form.

MARTHA HUGHES thinks that she has the most attractive first grade that ever was, in her school at Amelia. She is glad of the fact that she does not have to share them with other teachers, as she did in the training school.

JENNIE CAWELL is finding the work of being the principal of a two-room school in Staunton, very interesting.

MATTIE CARTER, of minstrel show fame, is teaching six grades in a one-room school in Caroline.

MARY NEWBERNE is enjoying the rare privilege of teaching the school which she attended not many years ago. Her pupils find it difficult to call her "Miss Newberne."

CLARA VON HOFSTEN, who is teaching near Petersburg, has some occasional embarrassing situations to confront. Upon urging a parent to buy her son a reader, she was told that no book would be bought until his teacher got brains enough to "learn him to read."

ELSIE WOOD is very enthusiastic over her work as assistant principal of the Warsaw High School.

WAVERLY, VA., January 21, 1916.

DEAR GIRLS:

When I started out for school last Fall, I felt as if I must go on to Fredericksburg, but, instead, I had to come on to Waverly.

When I arrived here, in this land of mosquitoes, I found that my expected board mistress could not take me, and how I wished to be back at the Normal in 342! But realizing that I could not spend the rest of my days there, I started out to find a boarding place.

Finally, after a few days of roaming around, I persuaded some kind people to take me in, and since that time "Jo" Jerrell and I have been waging war on the mosquitoes and the fifth, sixth and seventh grades. (Don't mention the latter part of the sentence—Mr. Tyner and Miss Stone would not like it.)

My best wishes to the whole school.

Sincerely yours,
HELEN CAMPBELL GARDNER.

MARY TEMPLE COLEMAN is teaching thirty-six "little dears," at the Cobbs Creek School. This is a sample of their unusual originality—when Mary Temple asked "What is a shepherd," the reply of one of them was "Little Bo-Peep."

ANNE HARRIS, who is teaching Latin and English at the Denleigh High School, is often reminded of a statement of Miss Dadmun's: "To attempt to teach English is to prepare yourself for an insane asylum."

***** THE BATTLEFIELD *****

We feel assured that she need have no fear of getting there, however. She has reached the conclusion that this would be a very wonderful world if pupils' suggestions and ideas were carried out in practice.

NORINE TENNIS very frankly states that she gets along with her present work much better than she did at the training school, as she is not "picked to pieces by criticisms." She is teaching in a new school at Sandy Hook, Va.

ETTIENETTE BROADDUS stays at her home in Richmond and teaches the seventh grade in the Highland Springs School. She has been informed, through a test paper, that "Virginia is noted for sweet potatoes, peanuts and Washington."

LILLIAN CRAIG declares that teaching is heavenly beside training school. She stays in Richmond and teaches in the Glen Echo School. She has charge of nineteen "angelic" children. She is not dignified yet, but is working toward that end.

EFFIE BROADDUS is teaching near Williamsburg, and is enjoying her work, despite the fact that her children are greater problems than the fourth grade at the training school.

HILDA BROADDUS is teaching in her home school. She is very much interested in securing a library for the school, at present.

SARAH BURKE SPINDLE and MAXIE ACREE are teaching in the same school with Hilda. Sarah Burke finds the seventh and eighth grades easier to teach than the fourth.

NANNIE PAGE BURRUSS is teaching a private school, and has pupils from the second grade to the high school. She enjoys the work, and the variation of grades, temperaments, and intellect, present a very interesting problem.

MARJORIE RIKER is teaching in one of the grammar schools of Petersburg. Inspired by the hard work of correcting mid-term examinations, she suggests that the school offer a course in "averaging," in connection with other methods.

AYESHA STRAUGHAN, who is teaching in a high school in Spotsylvania, has discovered some rare facts. Her pupils have announced that: Columbus discovered America, which was a part of the United States, which was in the District of Columbia, which was a piece of land set apart for the use of the nation. Benjamin Harrison was born in Westmoreland County in 1732, came over from England in 1565, and discovered America. Benjamin Franklin invented lightning in 1777.

ELIZABETH McDONNELL teaches in Culpeper County. She has twenty-one pupils of all sizes in one room, and is kept busy giving them work enough to do.

CHARLOTTE RICE is teaching near her home in a large (?) town of about twenty-five inhabitants. Remembering Charlotte as an enthusiastic Camp Fire Girl, it is not surprising to learn that she has organized a Camp Fire in her community.

RUTH CARTER, FANNIE HITES, SARAH GOULDMAN and MANNIE TARBERT are acting upon the sentiment of the 1915 class song, "We'll Always Stick Together," as they all teach in the same school at Richland, Va.

THERESA LYNCH, better known as "Tee," is taking a course at Marymount, Tarrytown-on-Hudson. Every one will be surprised to know that she is playing on the basket ball team, as it is hard to realize that "Tee" could develop any more talents than she possessed while in school here.

MURIEL BARBER, of last year's class, is taking an additional course here this year, and will graduate with "last year's Juniors."

THERESA DANNEIL and MARGARET SACREY were too fond of their home town and of one another, to leave, so they are both teaching in the Fredericksburg public school.

ALMA RAIFORD and JANET LACROSSE, who grew to be spoken and thought of together while here, are happily established at Carson, Va., boarding together and teaching in the same school.

VIRGINIA JOHNSON is completing her course at the Woman's College, Richmond.

NANCY WALLER PARKER is teaching in Dillon, South Carolina. She has charge of the drawing and hand work in the grades, and cooking, sewing and drawing in the High School. Her experience with big boys in the High School, and little boys in the grades prove that both need disciplining equally. She writes that South Carolina teachers have many Teachers' meetings—holidays for every meeting, too.

THE BATTLEFIELD

DEAR FOLKS:

BRISTOL, VA.-TENN., January 29, 1916.

I am teaching English Grammar, Applied Grammar, and Literature in the Virginia Grammar School here.

When I don't know the lesson, I call on the bright pupils to answer. The queer expressions out here are too funny for description. One little boy met me at the door the other day and said: "Miss Sayre, hits soon you're a'comin' out. I was just fixin' to wait on you. Can I walk a little piece, mam?"

Is that Applied Grammar?"

Don't talk to me about Training School, and being sweet to the "dear little things." I've worn the very hide off of some of these boys. I've made them shoot paper wads, lace and unlace their shoes, move their seats, etc., by the hour. It does them good, too, for I rarely have to punish anyone more than once.

I have organized and am supervising a literary society for the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. The pupils do splendid work, but it keeps me busy planning programs.

Bristol is a pretty little city, and as a large electric sign across the state line by the depot implies, it is all "push."

I wish I could tell you some of the funny stories told by people of the two sides of town, and the rivalry existing between Virginia and Tennessee.

I hope that the Annual will be a great success this year. Shall I ever forget the way I raked and scraped for jokes? Quoth old Maggie, "Nevermore!"

With best wishes,

MARGARET F. SAYRE.

Since the last issue of THE BATTLEFIELD, the following have entered the great school of matrimony: Edythe Stuart Harlowe, Eunice Jackson Daniel, Ella Virginia Farinholt, Verna Laurie Rooks, Lucy Gray Richardson.

The Alumnae Association joins with the Class of 1915 in mourning the loss of one of its members, Rachael Pearce, who died during the past winter.

From the Richmond Chapter of the Alumnae Association we have a contribution verse, by Elizabeth Russell, of last year's class.

A word or two from us, who
Scarce sixty miles away
Are working hard to come to you
On next Commencement Day.

We're sixteen strong, and not so long
The time since we were you.
You're doing now the things we loved,
The things we used to do.

We did them all, with many a fall
On tests and practice teaching.
To us, as you, came the far-off call
Toward the same high goal you're reaching.

We've covered the ground, and what we've found
Has oft before been said:
"It's easy to bluff, oh, easy enough,
But the work is what has paid."

So take our word, tho you have heard
It's sentiment of yore
We thought perhaps, with other raps,
It might unlock the door.

Friends, good-bye—by—do we hear a sigh?
We wish you well, and ever more
We hope that you will far outshine
The ones who've gone before.

E. M. R.

GAY WILSON, our President, writes about the Richmond Chapter: "We have quite a large representation in Richmond, and from all I can hear their Alma Mater should be very proud of them. The Richmond Chapter of this Alumnae Association is very enthusiastic, and has been able to do a few things this Winter. Flowers have been sent to the sick, and a little charity work has been done. At Thanksgiving an informal reception was given to the Faculty and Alumnae who attended the Educational Convention."

“We Owe Thee Much”



TO Miss Olive M. Hinman, Miss Virginia M. Goolrick, Miss Ethel Black, Dean A. B. Chandler, Jr. and Mr. E. F. Shewmake, Jr., we, the members of the Battlefield Staff, wish to express our gratitude and appreciation for all that they have done to make this Annual possible.

"THE WORLD GOES VP AND
THE WORLD GOES DOWN,
AND THE SVNSHINE FOL-
LWS THE RAIN. 
AND YESTERDAY'S SNEER
AND YESTERDAY'S FROWN
CAN NEVER COME OVER
AGAIN." 

STOP! LOOK!! GIRLS!

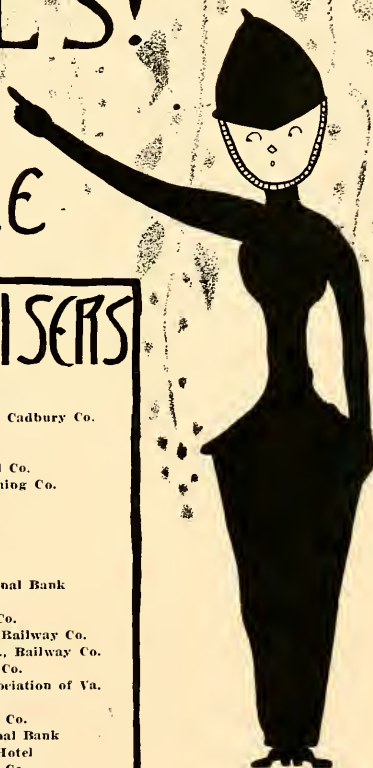
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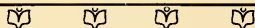


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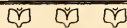
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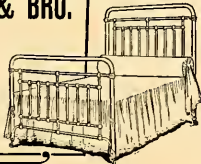


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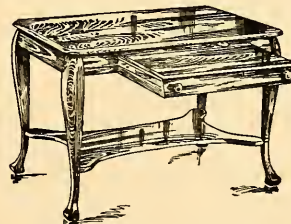
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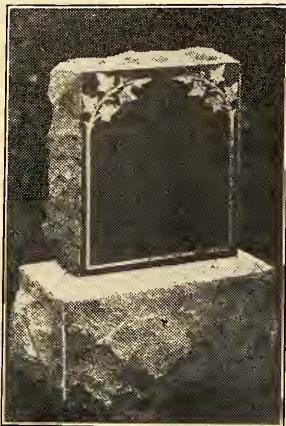
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